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THE THING

Final Draft Screenplay

by

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From The Story

WHO GOES THERE

by

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July 28, 1981

#00477

THE THING

THE MAIN COMPOUND OF U.S. OUTPOST #31

The interior is a cramped and never-ending maze of hallways, passageways and doors which connect the many rooms and compartments within the compound. Sturdy, but prefabricated materials have been used in its construction.

There is a laboratory. An infirmary. A kitchen and mess hall. A communications room and sleeping quarters. Other cubicles are for storage and supplies.

The most spacious area of the building, and the main center of activity, is the Rec Room. Of the many entranceways to this room can be seen the small work chambers with their sophisticated computers and other scientific equipment.

The below quarter houses the generator and still other compartments for storage.

A long underground tunnel connects the main compound to the dog kennel.

#00477

Rev. 7/29/81

THE THING

CAST

MAC READY - 32. Helicopter pilot. Likes chess. Hates the cold. The pay is good. (X)

GARRY - 46. The station manager. Stiff. Ex-army officer. Wears a handgun.

CHILDS - 33. Six-four. Two-fifty. Black. A mechanic. Can be jolly. But don't mess.

BLAIR - 50. Senior biologist. Edgy. Inquisitive. Overworked.

FUCHS - 25. Sensitive. Intelligent. Unassuming. An assistant biologist.

DR. COPPER - 45. Professional. A decent man. A good doctor.

PALMER - 35. Second string chopper pilot. Crack mechanic. Slight sixties acid damage. (X)

NAULS - 22. The cook. Bright. Black. Irreverent. But kindhearted. Roller skates.

NORRIS - 44. Stocky. Rugged looking. A geophysicist. An incipient heart condition.

BENNINGS - 38. A meteorologist. Dutiful. An old pro.

CLARK - 24. The dog handler. Likes it here. Good at his job.

SIMMONS - 21. The radio operator. Hates it here. Lousy at his job. (X)

In the winter of 1982 these men were commissioned by the United States National Science Foundation to gather data concerning the physical and natural sciences on the continent of Antarctica.

#00477

THE THING

FADE IN

1 A STARRY BLACKNESS 1

From out of the billions, the smallest of specks drives slowly forward. It closes; getting larger; its features becoming more identifiable: a vessel. Flip-flopping; out of control. Its stern roaring with flame. It passes; its blue fire surging into screen.

"THE THING"

A thundering....

CUT TO

2 A BLIND AND FERAL WHITENESS 2

...Glacial desert...gusts of snow...superimpose:

ANTARCTICA 1982 WINTER

3 A SOUND 3

Loud and strident. A helicopter streaks across frame. It travels precariously close to the ground; its chassis battered and swayed by the wind.

4 INT. COPTER 4

Red dials beam on the faces of two men. One carries a rifle and searches the horizon with binoculars. The other pilots. Their unkempt faces, their blazen eyes notate a wildness. They bark at each other in some Scandinavian tongue. Two men arguing like mad and desperate children.

The man with the binoculars sights something.

5 EXT. HORIZON - BINOCULARS' POINT OF VIEW - A DOG 5

It turns and snarls at the craft some fifteen hundred yards to its rear. Then whirls and gallops off. A gun blast kicks up snow at its heels.

6 INT. COPTER 6

Another blast of rifle fire as the man takes issue with his prey. The pilot slams a fist into his gunman friend and implores for better aim. The craft swoops lower and the engine is put into full throttle.

7 EXT. HILL - THE DOG 7

running feverishly up and over a hill of ice. A weather-beaten, wooden sign sticks up on the other side: U.S. NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION -- OUTPOST #31.

A rifle blast kicks up more snow.

8 EXT. COMPOUND OF U.S. OUTPOST #31 8

A large, almost snow-covered building. Not far from that a tall, meteorological balloon tower.

A scattering of several small shacks at varying distances from the main compound. The smaller hovels are connected by wooden planked walkways and steadying ropes. Multi-colored pennants stick out of the snow marking pathways and directions to outdoor experiments.

A tractor and two helicopters sit idle, covered with mounds of continuously mounting snow.

9 TWO MEN, NORRIS AND BENNINGS 9

standing some thirty yards from the main building are in the process of letting up a large red balloon. Childs, a hefty black man, is twenty yards away tinkering with a snowmobile. Their beards are caked with ice. It is winter and it is harsh.

The faint sound of the copter turns their attention.

10 THE COPTER 10

flying even lower now. The man with the gun leans dangerously outside and fires away at the dog as it nears the outpost.

11 THE MEN 11

outside the compound look to one another, incredulous.

12 THE COPTER 12

much too low now, and chastised by the wind, attempts a highspeed landing, directly on the heels of the sprinting dog. It bounces violently on the hard-packed surface. *Once. Twice. Passing the dog.*

A third bounce sends it skidding. It flips; its blades snapping off like toothpicks. It lands belly-up, soundless except for the whine of its engine.

The Pilot grabs the gun and rolls out before the explosion. (X)

13 INT. MAIN COMPOUND 13

The half a dozen men, playing cards, monitoring equipment, listening to music -- spring to their feet, startled.

14 EXT. COMPOUND 14

The dog reaches Norris and Bennings, as they awkwardly wade through the snow, toward the downed copter.

15 THE SURVIVOR 15

of the crash, his eyes crazed with determination, struggles to his feet. Heedless of his companion, he double-times his way to the men and the dog. He reloads his gun and bellows in his Scandinavian tongue.

Norris and Bennings have no idea what he is saying.

The survivor waves his arm as if shooing them off, screaming as he does so; his face now caked with blood.

The two men are bewildered. The dog jumps up, licking and pawing them, imploring for safety.

Blam!! The visitor fires. The men jump back in disbelief.

NORRIS
What the fu....

Blam! Blam! The crazed visitor screams and fires as he stalks after them. His countenance ablaze, mad. Ice and snow kick up about the terrified Americans. A bullet smacks into the dog's hip, sending it skidding and howling in pain.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED 15

Childs, the black man by the snowmobile, takes cover, diving behind his machine.

Bennings is hit. Norris pulls, drags him back toward the compound. The dog crawls along beside them.

The intruder is relentless in his assail. He runs, screaming, firing, screaming, reloading and firing.

16 *INT. COMPOUND* 16

Total confusion. Some watch helplessly through the small, fogged-up and translucent windows. Others try to mobilize, grabbing for their heavy jackets.

17 CLOSE ON A .357 MAGNUM 17

as it efficiently breaks through a windowpane and into the cold. A steady hand takes a firm grip. (X)

18 THE SCANDINAVIAN 18

getting closer. Kablam! Suddenly, his head jerks back. He falls to his knees and then face down into the snow.

19 *NORRIS AND BENNINGS* 19

stare blankly, but relievedly at the fallen man. The dog whimpers in pain.

20 CHILDS 20

pokes his head out from under the snowmobile.

21 INT. MAIN COMPOUND - REC ROOM 21

The rumbling of voices fades. The men adjust their eyes to station manager Garry, as he extracts his gun from the broken window, relieves it of its spent shell and puts it away.

CUT TO

22 EXT. BURNING COPTER 22

Several men spray snow on the burning wreckage. There is no hope for the pilot.

CUT TO

23 INT. COMPOUND - CLOSE ON THE PALLID FACE OF THE SCANDINAVIAN INTRUDER 23

A neat round hole is set in the middle of his forehead. Station manager Garry holds up something akin to an ID.

GARRY
Norwegian...Jans Bolen.

Fuchs, a young and sensitive-looking biologist, stands closest to the large area map of Antarctica. Several men sit and stand around viewing the body that lies on two brought-together card tables.

FUCHS
Gotta be from that Norwegian camp. They're the only ones anywhere near us.

GARRY
How far's that again?

FUCHS
'Bout eighty kilometers southwest.

GARRY
(surprise)
That far?

Garry directs his attention to Childs, the large black who had been working on the snowmobile. Next to him sits Norris, the rugged-looking, fortyish, geophysicist, who was one of the men being shot at.

GARRY
You catch anything he was saying?

CHILDS
Am I starting to look Norwegian to you, Bwana?

GARRY
(turns)
Norris?

NORRIS
Yeah. I caught that he wanted the better part of my ass to come apart.

24 INT. INFIRMARY 24

Dr. Copper, midforties, works on the outstretched leg of Bennings, the meteorologist. Clark, the dog handler, is mending the hip of the wounded dog off in the corner. Bennings lets out with an ouch.

DR. COPPER
Don't 'ouch' me. Two stitches. It just grazed you.

He helps a shaken Bennings up off the table.

BENNINGS
What in the hell were they doing?.. Flying that low...shooting at a dog...at us....

DR. COPPER
Stir crazy. Cabin fever...Who knows.

The dog yelps and whimpers as Clark tries to calm him.

CLARK
I'll be here a while. Shell's pretty deep.

25 INT. RADIO ROOM 25

Blair, senior biologist, fifty, balding, leans against the entrance door.

He looks on as the young, bored-looking radio operator, Simmons, attends to his equipment. Bursts of static.

SIMMONS
It's no go.

BLAIR
Well, get to somebody. Anybody. We've got to report this mess.

SIMMONS
Look, I haven't been able to reach shit in two weeks. Doubt if anybody's talked to anybody on the whole continent.

26 INT. HALLWAY 26

Nauls, the cook, glides along on his roller skates down one of the many narrow hallways that connect the various compartments of the main compound. He is black, a little mischievous, about twenty-two.

He comes to a flashy skidding stop at one of the entrances to the rec room area, where the men are gathered with the dead Norwegian.

NAULS
Maybe we at war with Norway.

Palmer, a spacy novice pilot and mechanic, grins as he lights a joint. He directs a remark to station manager Garry. (X)

PALMER
Was wondering when 'El Capitan' was going to get a chance to use his pop gun.

Garry rebukes him with a stern look and then turns to Fuchs.

GARRY
How long have they been stationed there?

FUCHS
(leafing through pile of papers)
Says here about eight weeks.

Dr. Copper enters the room. Bennings limping after him slightly.

GARRY
(shaking his head)
That's not enough time for guys to go bonkers.

NAULS
Bullshit, Bwana, sweetheart. Five minutes is enough to put a man over down here.

PALMER
Damn straight.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED 26

NAULS
I mean Palmer been the way he is since the first day.

Palmer smiles and flips the cook the bird.

GARRY
How many in their party?

FUCHS
(referring)
Started with ~~six~~. There'd be ~~four~~ EIGHT others left. TCN

DR. COPPER
How do you know?

The men's attention turns to Copper.

DR. COPPER
(continuing)
...Guys as crazy as that could have done a lot of damage to their own before they got to us.

GARRY
Nothing we can do about that.

DR. COPPER
Yes, there is. I'd like to go up.

GARRY
In this weather?

DR. COPPER
(turns to)
Bennings?

BENNINGS
Winds are going to let up a tad, next couple of hours.

GARRY
A tad?

BENNINGS
Can't condone it much myself. But is it a short haul. Hour there, hour back.

Garry still does not much like the idea. Palmer takes another hit off his joint.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED - 2 26

PALMER
Shit, Doc, I'll give you the lift if....

GARRY
Forget it, Palmer. Doc, you're a pain in the ass.
(turns)
Norris, go get MacReady.

Slight laughter from some of the men.

NORRIS
(grins)
MacReady ain't going nowhere. Bunkered in till spring.

GARRY
Just go get him.

NORRIS
(stands)
Anyway, he's probably ripped.

27 EXT. U.S. OUTPOST #31 27

Norris, bundled in his sixty-five pounds of clothing, exits the main compound. He walks the prefab wooden planks up the precipice; his destination is some one hundred yards up the slope -- to a shack. He grabs onto the steadying ropes and pulls himself against the wind and blowing sleet.

28 INT. MAC READY'S SHACK - CLOSE ON ICE CUBES 28

being dumped into a glass, followed by the pouring of whiskey. An electronic Voice is heard.

VOICE
Bishop to knight four.

MacReady takes a sip of his drink; makes his way over to his electronic chess game. A large Mexican sombrero hangs on his back. He is tall; about thirty-two. His (X)
shack is sparse but unkempt. A few centerfolds on the wall are interspersed by an occasional poster of some Mediterranean or South American paradise.

The chess game is of larger than normal size. The pieces move automatically with the press of a button. He sits down and chuckles over his opponent's bad move.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED 28

MAC READY
Poor little son of a bitch. You're starting to lose it, aren't you?

He confidently taps out his move. His companion's response is immediate.

VOICE
Pawn takes queen at knight four.

MacReady's grin slowly fades as he examines the board. There is a pounding at his door. MacReady broods for a bit, heedless of his visitor and makes his next move.

VOICE
(continuing)
Rook to knight six. Check.

More impatient pounding. MacReady glares at his opponent for a beat. He bends forward, opens up a flap containing the chess game's circuitry and pours in his drink. There ensues a snapping, popping sound as smoke and sparks rise from the machine; followed by a flush of chess gibberish.

MacReady gets up from his seat, mumbling on his way to the door.

MAC READY
...Cheating ~~bastard~~ BITCH....

He opens the door. Norris steps in followed by a flurry of snow and wind.

NORRIS
You jerking off or just pissed?

MAC READY
We got any more of those electronic chess things down in supply?

NORRIS
Get your gear on.

MAC READY
What for?

29 EXT. OUTPOST 29

One of the grounded choppers is being readied for take-off. Childs holds a huge industrial torch to the engine, warming it up.

30 INT. MAIN COMPOUND - CORRIDOR 30

Garry, Bennings, Dr. Copper, Palmer and MacReady wind their way through the slender corridors on their way to the chopper. Dr. Copper carries a satchel of medical supplies. MacReady, going over his flight chart, looks mad as hell. Dialogue overlaps.

MAC READY
...Craziness...This is goddamn insane....

GARRY
...Quit the griping, MacReady. Sooner you're there -- sooner you're back.

MAC READY
It's against regulations to go up this time of year!

DR. COPPER
Screw regulations! Four guys could be crawling around on their bellies out there!

MAC READY
So, I don't want to end up crawling around with them when we go down.

GARRY
Look, if you're going to keep bitching, MacReady -- Palmer's offered to take him up....

MAC READY
What are you talking?! He's only had forty hours training in those choppers! (X)

PALMER
(defiant)
Fifty hours! (X)

MAC READY
(to Bennings)
What is it out there, anyway? Forty-five knots?

BENNINGS
Sixteen.

MAC READY
(disgusted)
And the horse you rode in on. Sixteen for how long?! You can't predict this time of year....

31 INT./EXT. CHOPPER 31

Dr. Copper sits next to MacReady, who is at the controls. MacReady tightens the string of his sombrero around his neck and starts up its choking engine.

MacReady fights violently with the controls as he struggles to get the craft into the air. It finally rights itself and moves up and off into the grey-white sky.

32 INT. MAIN COMPOUND 32 (X)

A couple of the men mingle in the area. Nauls, the cook, looks out the window. (X)

NAULS (X)
Mac's really taking it up, huh?

The dog, a large bandage on his hip, wades through the room. Under tables. Past men's legs. It hobbles slightly. No one takes notice.

CUT TO

33 *EXT. THE CHOPPER* 33

moves over a ridge of ice. Columns of smoke can be seen rising ominously from a quarter mile off.

34 *INT. CHOPPER - POINT OF VIEW* 34

As they near, the smoke looms thicker. A black, tar-like gush; billowing up into the grey sky from the whiteness below.

35 EXT. NORWEGIAN CAMP 35

Smoke climbs upward in the f.g. MacReady sets his craft down. Pull back to reveal the camp itself: resembling the aftermath of a western fort, sacked and ravaged by Indians.

Small fires and debris are strewn everywhere. The prefab Administration Building exposes gaping holes. Smoke rises from the almost entirely snow-buried Quonset huts. Embers swirl in every direction.

36 INT. CHOPPER 36

The two men look at each other in silence. They get out.

37 CLOSE ON A LARGE, MAKESHIFT FUNERAL PYRE 37

smoldering to a close. A hastily conceived crematorium. Wood, books, furniture, tires, anything that will burn has been mixed together with the charred remains of several dogs and the body of a man.

Curious mounds of a melted and blackened goo are heaped within the mess.

A small can of gasoline lies nearby. A large oil drum not far off.

38 MAC READY AND COPPER 38

their faces ashen as they take in this grotesque sight. MacReady turns to view the Norwegian compound. He then exchanges a look with Copper. MacReady heads back toward the chopper.

39 THE CHOPPER 39

MacReady unhinges the shotgun that is latched to the panel behind the seats.

40 EXT. THE MAIN BUILDING - THE DOOR 40

MacReady and Dr. Copper stand hesitantly amidst the wisps of snow and embers. MacReady tries the door. It is unlocked. He slowly pushes it open with his gun. A creaking. A long pitch-black corridor. Copper shines a flashlight.

DR. COPPER
Anybody there!?

No answer. Just wind. They exchange a look and enter.

41 INT. NARROW CORRIDOR 41

The two men move slowly. It is dank and cold. Their breath, bleating like exhaust. A soft, steady wind howls overhead. The flashlight is not much help.

Further down, they hear a faint hissing sound. As they get closer it more resembles static. The flashlight finds a door at the end of the corridor. The sputtering static comes from within.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED 41

The face of the door has been shredded. An ax sticks out from its middle. MacReady wrenches out the ax. There is blood on it. The men acknowledge this for a beat. MacReady tries the knob. It opens slightly. Something is blocking it from the other side.

MAC READY
Anybody in there?!

Nothing.

DR. COPPER
We're Americans!

Nothing.

MAC READY
Come to help you!!

MacReady pushes against the door.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Give me a hand.

They push, shove, grunt. The door gives a bit. Finally more. It widens enough for MacReady to see that a large computer-like machine is blocking their path. MacReady *wedges in and shines the flashlight.*

It is the communications room. Holes in its roof have allowed in the freezing cold. The flashlight exposes the back of the radio chair. One more nudge allows them into the room.

A beat as they catch their breath. MacReady spots a Coleman lantern. He lights it with a match. Holds it up. The brighter light exposes the top of a man's head sitting in the radio chair.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Hey, Sweden!..You okay?

The chair rocks slightly with the gentle breeze. They inch closer. A yard from the chair, MacReady stops the Doctor. He pokes his gun at the chair's back.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Sweden!?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED - 2 41

Dr. Copper spots something. From the man's wrist on the armrest, he follows a long, yarn-thick, red line, ending in a pool of frozen blood on the floor.

The two men step around the chair. The Norwegian stares up in blanched death. A gaping black hole for a mouth. His throat and wrists slit. An old-fashioned straight razor in his lap.

MacReady turns off the hissing radio, and marches to the other door. It is locked and barricaded.

DR. COPPER
(more to himself)
My God, what in hell happened here?

MAC READY
Come on, Copper.

The two men free a machine-like obstacle from the other exit. MacReady opens lock and pushes the door open. *More blackness. Stronger wind.* Copper holds the lantern high as they make their way down a row of wooden steps and into a cavernous, underground causeway.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Hey, Sweden!!!

DR. COPPER
(irritated)
They're not Swedish, goddamn it, they're Norwegian, MacRe....

Whap!!!!! Something slaps into the Doctor's face from the darkness. The lantern crashes to the ground. The Doctor stumbles, falls. MacReady grabs the flashlight and whirls in different directions. A panting beat. Silence.

Dr. Copper holds up what hit him. A thick centerfold, buffeted by the wind. MacReady takes it.

MAC READY
Norwegian of the Month, Doc.
Harmless.

MacReady pockets it for further viewing.

42 INT. THE NARROWEST OF CORRIDORS 42

The supporting beams have long since buckled and cracked from the constantly moving ice underneath. The evidence of fire has further weakened the foundations. The wood creaks overhead. Bits of ice and silt trickle down.

The two men walk haunched, cautious. MacReady gingerly tries to make his way around a broken and smoldering beam. He brushes it gently sending a shower of debris from the yawning roof.

The two men wait until it subsides and then move on.

Further down. MacReady's knee bumps into something along the wall, causing him to stumble slightly. He shines his light on it.

An arm is sticking out of a steel door about three feet off the ground. The door has been slammed shut. The arm pinned, its fist still gripping a small welding torch. The flame long since gone out.

MAC READY
(wincing)
Holy shit....

He tries the door. Unlocked. It opens. The arm drops to the ground. It had been severed by the force of the slam. Its owner is nowhere to be seen.

MacReady, sickened, coughs. Dr. Copper mumbles.

DR. COPPER
Christ....

They step over the arm and into another slim passageway. Moving along they come to rest in front of a door with Norwegian lettering on it.

MacReady pushes it open with his foot. Dozens of papers fly about, flailed by the holes in the Quonset hut-style roof. The place is a wreck. They enter. MacReady surveying the small room with his flashlight.

DR. COPPER
(continuing)
...Laboratory.

Broken beakers, test tubes, a microscope are illuminated. MacReady notices a video camera.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED 42

MAC READY
Portable video unit.

Copper makes his way over to the main work table. He shuffles through papers, glancing at the writing.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Anything?

DR. COPPER
All in Norwegian.

Dr. Copper bends down and begins gathering the papers, strewn about the room.

MAC READY
What are you doing?

DR. COPPER
Could be important work. Might as well bring it back.

MAC READY
It's getting late. Hurry it. I'm going to check the last few rooms.

He exits. Amongst the rubble, Dr. Copper finds a pocket tape recorder and several cassettes. He selects a tape and is about to pop it in when he senses something to his rear. He turns. Looks. A beat. Nothing.

43 INT. HALLWAY 43

MacReady shoves himself into another room.

44 INT. ROOM 44

Debris and wood flush down on him. The receding ceiling had been blocking the door from above. He brushes his coat and shines the light upwards.

The ceiling is a shambles. He then shines the light deeper into the room.

45 INT. NORWEGIAN LAB 45

Dr. Copper is playing the small tape recorder. A casual Norwegian voice drones on as if making notes. He fast forwards. The same casual drone.

MAC READY (o.s.)
Copper, come here!!

46 INT. ROOM 46

Dr. Copper enters, squeezing in, through the door. The wood cracks overhead. More debris comes falling down.

MAC READY
Careful. It's about to go.

Copper dusts himself. MacReady stands before a huge block of ice. Fifteen feet long. Six feet wide. Four feet tall.

It has partially melted, but its thawing process has been stopped by the now freezing temperatures within the outpost.

Its one curious feature: the middle has been thawed and scuppered out. Giving it the appearance of a large bathtub. The two men study it uncomprehendingly.

MacReady's gaze turns to a large metal cabinet at his left. He moves for a closer look. Several photographs are pasted to its door. Small snapshots of the Norwegians at work and play.

He tries to open it. Stuck. The partially caved-in ceiling is slightly blocking the top of the door. He tries again, careful not to dislodge the wood and plaster above. Bits of dust float down.

DR. COPPER
Watch it.

His grip is too strong. It gives suddenly, unexpectedly. The large metal door flies open.

Large chunks splash from the ceiling. They come thumping to the floor, behind and in front of the open cabinet door. MacReady coughs and waves away the dust. He peers inside. Nothing much. Some empty shelves. Some small scientific gear.

His flashlight then locates a large photograph taped to the inside of the cabinet door.

It is a picture of five Norwegians, arm in arm, all smiles, toasting each other. They are on either side of the frozen block of ice, pridefully displaying it for the camera. The block looks much thicker. Its interior opaque.

MacReady looks to the block of ice and then back to the photograph. He untapes it, pockets it and shuts the door.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED 46

An armless corpse swings into his face from behind the closing door. Dislodged from the ceiling, the body and MacReady go crashing to the floor.

CUT TO

47 INT. U.S. OUTPOST - RECREATION ROOM 47

The loud beat of Warren Zevon's song, "The Werewolves of London," can be heard throughout the compound. The room is empty. Close on a video pong game, its ball of light lazily traveling back and forth. The dog, its tail wagging, its bandage on, walks by.

48 INT. KITCHEN 48

Zevon's record is blasting from Nauls' stereo. He skates from the big walk-in freezer and plunks down a large side of beef on the wood-cutting table to thaw. He skates from pot to pan keeping time with his sounds.

He smells. Tastes. Adds a little something here, a touch there. He clearly enjoys his work.

(X)

49 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM 49

Garry enters wearing long johns and sees that Simmons has nodded off in front of his receiver. His headgear is still on. Garry walks over and turns up the volume, the static jolting Simmons awake. (X)

SIMMONS
Hey, man...!

GARRY
You reach anybody yet?

SIMMONS
We're a thousand miles from anybody else, man. It's going to get a hell of a lot worse before it gets better.

GARRY
Well, stick to it.

50 OMITTED 50
(X)

51 EXT. COMPOUND 51

Fuchs, the young biologist, is finishing up his daily jog around the compound. He stops at the end of a long Quonset hut almost completely buried in the snow. The hut is fifty yards long and connects to the main compound. He enters a tunnel from a latch door up top.

52 INT. TUNNEL 52

He jogs down the steps, passing the underground dog kennel and trots toward the compound through the long narrow tunnel. He passes and waves to Clark, who rolls along a wheelbarrow of dog food.

53 CLARK 53

opens the door to the small kennel and serves up the dinner. The dogs, about seven of them, yelp and bark eagerly.

54 INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY 54

near the fuel supply bladders. Older and more rickety than the quarters above.

Childs waltzes through, humming, a big smile on his face. He stops at a door with six locks on it. Different kinds. Combination locks, key locks, etc. He opens each one separately.

55 INT. STORAGE ROOM 55

Inside are several marijuana plants. Sun lamps beam down on them. Childs inspects them with a wide grin.

CHILDS
How my brothers and sisters doing today? Doin' fine.

He moves over to a tape deck, selects a cassette, grins back at the plants and turns it on.

CHILDS
(continuing)
What say to some nice Al Green for my babies, huh?

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED 55

He waters them carefully, as Al Green sings softly. He hears a panting and turns around to see the dog. His bandage is gone.

CHILDS
(continuing)
What you?..You get hell on out of here.

The dog is shooed off. Childs turns back grumbling.

CHILDS
(continuing)
...Comin' in here...goin' to urinate on my babies.

56 INT. CORRIDOR SLEEPING QUARTERS 56

A larger hallway than most. Sleeping cubicles on either side. Nauls' music is heard through the wall speakers. Bennings, in his long johns, growls into the hall intercom.

BENNINGS
Nauls, turn that crap down. Some of us are trying to get in our nap.

57 INT. KITCHEN 57

Nauls answers through the kitchen intercom.

NAULS
Oui, Bwana. Will do.

He skates over to his stereo, turns it down, but not much.

58 INT. COMPOUND - VARIOUS ANGLES 58

The infirmary. The laboratory. The pong game in the rec room. All empty. All quiet but for the softer sound of the music.

59 INT. CORRIDOR OF SLEEPING QUARTERS 59

Empty. The dog slowly walks through.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 59

One of the doors is open up ahead to his left. The dog stops in front of it and looks in. Someone is inside.

Inside the small cubicle, a slight portion of a man's back can be seen as he sits bent over a chair; his large shadow displayed on the wall.

Back in the corridor. The dog looks up the hall once and casually to the other end. No one. He enters the room. The sound of a man's voice, too indistinct to tell whose, mumbles a, "Hello, boy." A beat.

The sound of a glass breaking. A muffled scuffling. The door is slammed shut from the inside. And then silence.

DISSOLVE TO

59-A EXT. U.S. COMPOUND - DUSK 59-A

The chopper, carrying MacReady and Dr. Copper, fights against the newly arrived winds and tries to land.

59-B INT. MAIN COMPOUND - HALLWAY 59-B

Blair passing through, holding a chart and carrying a rack of test tubes, notices a large bandage on the floor. He picks it up, inquiringly. It is mangled and shredded.

59-C INT. SUPPLY STORAGE CUBICLE 59-C

Palmer works on the generator. He hears the sound of propeller blades from outside. And then the sound of his tool box crashing to the floor. He turns to see what caused the ruckus.

The dog, who has entered the shed, has jumped on the work table and upended the tool box in its eagerness to look out of the above window. Palmer curses under his breath and calls out.

PALMER
Clark! Will you kennel this goddamn dog?
(bangs wrench against pipe)
Hey, Clark!!

59-D THE DOG 59-D

It paws at the window and watches as MacReady and Dr. Copper unload heavy trash bags and other equipment from the chopper.

59-E INT. STATION MANAGER GARRY'S OFFICE 59-E (X)

Garry, MacReady, Dr. Copper, Norris, Bennings, Blair and his assistant, Fuchs, are present. The small Norwegian video unit has been set up and its contents are being viewed on a TV screen. Grainy, home movie-ish, no sound. The proceedings are grim.

Shots of the Norwegians at work. Others of them playing soccer on ice. Generally the footage is a prosaic record of their day-to-day life.

Norris shuffles the bundle of notes Dr. Copper brought back with him.

NORRIS
...Seems they were spending a lot of time at a place four miles northeast of their camp.

GARRY
What were they involved in?

MacReady, working on the video machine, answers.

MAC READY
Little ice core drilling...some seismology...glaciology...same old shit we do.

The present footage is a shot of them all naked and probably drunk, holding a sign across their waists as they stand outdoors in super-freezing weather.

BENNINGS
How much more of this crap is there?

DR. COPPER
About nine more hours.

BENNINGS
We can't learn anything from this.

DR. COPPER
Probably right.

MacReady turns on the light and shuts off the video machine. He then slides the portable tape deck across the table to Dr. Copper. They exchange a look.

CONTINUED

59-E CONTINUED 59-E (X)

DR. COPPER
(continuing)
MacReady and I were listening to some of these cassettes on the way back.
(somberly)
Like you gentlemen to hear it.

A Norwegian voice drones on calmly, making verbal notes. Norris shrugs.

BENNINGS
What do you want from us?

MAC READY
(flat)
Just listen.

Dr. Copper fast forwards. The calm voice continues. And then a loud blast, followed by a pounding. The sounds of confusion. Voices. Loud. Frenetic. Men's feet running up and down wooden floorboards. A gurgling. A hissing. Screams. And then a screeching. More blasts mixed with the din of wild, carnage-wrought cries. And then more screeching. A screeching unlike anything these men have ever heard.

The men look from one another in silence as they listen. Dr. Copper turns it off.

DR. COPPER
Goes on like that quite awhile.
(beat)
What do you gentlemen make of it?

GARRY
Could be anything...Men in isolation ...some beef that snowballed...got out of hand....

NORRIS
Maybe the whole camp got bent... Something they ate. What about food poisoning, Doc?

Dr. Copper taps the tape deck pensively.

DR. COPPER
Maybe.

CONTINUED

59-E CONTINUED - 2 59-E (X)

He glances at MacReady, and then back to the others.

Dr. Copper
(continuing)
There's something else we want you to see.

60 INT. INFIRMARY 60

Dr. Copper and MacReady begin dumping the heavy contents of a large plastic trash bag onto the slab.

DR. COPPER
We found this.

Displayed on the slab is what appears to be the corpse of a man. Badly charred. What is left of the trousers and shoes of the bottom torso are ripped and split, as if his legs and feet had burst from the inside. His upper body is an almost undecipherable gnarled mass of protoplasmic mush.

The head is strangely disfigured and looks larger than normal. It is situated not on its shoulders but near the abdomen. Tendon-like appendages are wrapped around the carcass and sticking up and out in odd postures. One is wrapped around the body's left leg.

The shirt has been ripped and lies shredded in the tar-like mess.

The men grimace.

DR. COPPER
(continuing)
I know he's pretty badly burned... but could fire have done this?

Blair, sickened but fascinated, pokes at the tendon-like things and the tarry goo.

DR. COPPER
Blair, I'd like you and Fuchs to help me with autopsies on this and the man Garry shot this morning. (X)

61 INT. REC ROOM - LATER - CLOSE ON A TABLE HOCKEY GAME 61

Foosball. Nauls and Clark are going at it hot and heavy.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED 61

Simmons sits off in a corner thumbing through an old issue of Photoplay.

Bennings, Norris and Garry are engaged in a card game. Bennings is about to play a card when he feels something under the table. He looks. It is the dog.

BENNINGS
Clark, will you put this mutt with the others where he belongs?!

62 INT. LAB 62

larger than most of the other rooms and well-equipped. Dr. Copper is performing an autopsy on the Norwegian intruder, killed early that morning.

Blair sits over his microscope, while Fuchs prepares slides. The other body is draped with a sheet, waiting its turn. Dr. Copper pulls off his gloves.

DR. COPPER
Nothing wrong with this one. Physiologically, anyway.
(to Blair)
Find anything toxic?

BLAIR
No drugs...alcohol. Nothing.

63 INT. TUNNEL 63

Clark leads the dog through the long, cold tunnel toward the kennel. A new dressing has been places on its hip.

He unlatches the door to the kennel and leads him in.

64 INT. KENNEL 64

About twenty feet long, five feet wide. Poorly lit. Cramped with dogs. Some of them sleeping. Others around and curious, greet their new companion, sniffing, panting and rubbing up against him. Clark pats the dog and several others, then leaves, latching the door behind him.

65 *INT. SLEEPING CUBICLE* 65

Childs lies in his cot watching a small television. The show is a tape of an American TV game show. He has seen this one too many times, extracts the cassette and injects another game show.

Palmer is stretched out in the other cot, reading a comic book and smoking a joint. Childs beckons for it and takes a hit.

66 INT. PUB 66

A small area, just off the rec room. Set up like a bar. MacReady is alone looking over the rest of the videotapes from the Norwegian outpost. Mundane to esoteric chores of Antarctic camp life. He looks bored.

67 INT. LAB 67

Blair, hovering over the microscope, lays in a slide, focuses and motions for Dr. Copper to take a look.

Copper is confused as he examines. He shrugs.

DR. COPPER
I don't understand.

Fuchs takes the opportunity to look. Blair moves over to the disfigured corpse and indicates one of the fibrous, tendon-like appendages.

BLAIR
It's tissue from one of these sinewy rods.

Fuchs is befuddled as he examines.

FUCHS
What in the world kind of cell structure is this?

BLAIR
That's the point.

DR. COPPER
(tired)
I don't get you, Blair.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED 67

BLAIR
I'm not sure it is any kind of cell structure. At least as we know it. (X)
(X)

Blair stares down ominously at the multiliated body. (X)

68 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 68

A steady stream of sleet pounds the compound and small surrounding shacks.

69 INT. REC ROOM 69

Vacant. The wall clock reads four-thirty.

70 INT. HALLWAY 70

Sleeping cubicles on either side. The sound of snoring.

71 INT. PUB 71

Bleary-eyed, MacReady is in the process of blowing up some strange inflatable object. As he puffs away, he still keeps an eye on the Norwegian video tapes. His balloon begins to take shape. It blossoms into a life-size replica of a full-breasted woman. Something on the tape catches his eye. He rewinds, then starts it forward again.

The screen shows the Norwegians on the surface of what appears to be an enormous, flat glacier. They are spread out on the ice around a large odd oval shape; their arms outstretched.

It fades to black and then a Norwegian comes on mugging childishly in front of the camera, apparently quite pleased with something.

The tape fades to black again and the picture reappears. This time they have marked off the large oval area with flag sticks.

Closer shots show three of the men digging a deep hole into the ice. There is a small patch of something dark and metallic at the bottom.

MacReady leans forward, intrigued.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED 71

The men are now sinking something deep into the ice at various points around the markings. MacReady squints and mumbles to himself.

MAC READY
Decanite?..Thermite charges?...

The tape jump cuts again showing a long shot of the marking. No Norwegian in sight. An explosion kicks up the ice. A beat as the ice sprays to the ground. Then the camera appears to shake as the ground beneath it quivers.

Another immense explosion follows. An earthquake-like force throws the camera to the ground.

MAC READY
(continuing)
What in....

The tape continues, distorted, unviewable. A distinct crack in the lens. MacReady lets go of his companion and quickly rewinds. The deflating mannequin is sent sputtering around the room.

72 INT. KENNEL - NIGHT 72

Most of the dogs are sleeping or lounging. The new dog watches them calmly, silently.

He takes several steps towards a group of about five dogs and sits upright. Completely still. He stares at them. A beat. The dogs are aware of something. They seem a bit confused, uncomfortable. (X)

The new dog continues to stare. Sitting rigidly, unnaturally still. His eyes dead, lusterless black spheres.

Bewildered, a few dogs start to pace. As if sensing something: a portent. A danger. But so odd. They begin a soft, purring growl.

The new dog remains a statue. The growling builds. More dogs begin to pace. Nervously. Faster, encircling. Emitting hisses, snarls. The lack of response driving them mad. (X)

Barks. Growls. More frenetic pacing. The din escalating. Three dogs start to close in on the stranger. (X)

73 THE NEW DOG 73

Suddenly begins to vibrate. Wildly. It raises up in a feline motion, inexplicably seeming larger; and then slams it's body back down. It's front and hind quarters begin pounding into the ground with the force of a jack hammer. The other dog; now a frenzy.

73-A CLOSE ON THE NEW DOG 73-A

The jaw. Wide. Growling. Teeth glistening. It's gums and skin rip from it's teeth and face and peel back over it's head, exposing a hideously vicious skull. The skull mews and snarls insanely. It splits at the jaw bone and folds back like a bear trap, leaving a hissing hole for a neck.

Spider-like legs spit from it's shaking torso and spike to the floor. A tongue springs from the throat hole and spears the nearest dog. A screeching!

The kennel roars.

74 INT. PUB 74

MacReady is still going over bits of the same footage, fascinated. He hears the far-off clamor of the dogs.

75 INT. NAULS' QUARTERS 75

He, too, bothered by the noise, tosses and turns in his sleep.

76 INT. CLARK'S QUARTERS 76

Clark snores. MacReady has entered.

MAC READY
Clark.

No response. MacReady nudges him. Clark rolls away, annoyed.

MacReady pinches his snoring nose, cutting off the air. Clark sits up, groggy.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Dogtown's going nuts. Go quiet them down. (X)

77 INT. TUNNEL 77

Clark, sleepy, irritated, makes his way down the freezing corridor. The wind soughing loudly overhead.

78 CLARK 78

reaches the kennel door. The savage outpouring of noise from within baffles and angers him. He unlatches the door.

(X)

Smack! Just as he opens the door, two dogs, as if jettisoned from a cannon, knock him off his feet. Growls, barks, snarls. And a screeching from within.

79 INT. KITCHEN 79

MacReady is fetching himself a beer. The sound of the far-off screeching. He freezes. A beat. He turns and sprints

80 HIS BEER CAN 80

as it smashes the glass of the fire alarm. He pulls the lever.

81 INT. TUNNEL 81

The alarm is blaring throughout the camp. MacReady, Garry, Norris run through the narrow tunnel led by Clark. MacReady carries a shotgun. Garry, half-dressed, has his .44. Clark, a fire ax.

CLARK
I don't know what the hell's in there, but it's weird and pissed off, whatever it is.

82 INT. HALLWAY 82

Chaos. Men, half-naked, bounce from their cubicles. Pulling on their pants, digging into shoes.

83 INT. CHILDS' CUBICLE 83

Childs is grappling with his belt buckle.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED 83

CHILDS
Mac wants the what??

BENNINGS
(at the doorway)
That's what he said. Now! Move!

Bennings is off.

84 INT. TUNNEL 84

as the men approach the locked kennel door. The two dogs, thrown into Clark, bark ferociously and scratch at the door trying to get back in. One is badly bloodied.

The fight inside rages on. MacReady and Clark brace themselves by the narrow door. Norris and Garry hold back the two hysterical dogs. Clark undoes the latch and he and MacReady enter the kennel.

The light has been broken and it is pitch black. MacReady snaps on his flashlight. Norris and Garry can't contain their animals and the dogs burst into the room. They smash into MacReady and send him sprawling. Total confusion: the dogs; the men; the screeching; the blackness.

CLARK
Mac, where are you?

MacReady gropes for his flashlight and rights himself. He finds Clark. Then shines it around the cramped room trying to get his bearing.

The light finds a mass of dogs in a wild melee in the corner.

Barking mixed with hissing, a gurgling, a screeching. Dogs being hurled about and then charging back into the fray with a vengeance.

The flashlight illuminates something. Like a dog. But grotesquely distorted. It struggles powerfully. It has two dogs by two strange appendages and is thumping them to the floor. Garry pokes his head into the blackness. (X)

GARRY (X)
What's going on?

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED 84

Clark charges it, wielding his ax and hacks away. From out of nowhere a large bristly leg shoots out and wraps around Clarks ax and sends him smashing into the kennel wall. MacReady begins firing.

Suddenly two human arms appear from the "dog", stretching upward for the ceiling.

84-A CLSOE ON THE TWO HANDS 84-A

as they make a fist and start pounding violently against the ceiling. Busting through, they grab hold of a beam and begin pulling the rest of itself upward.

85 OUTSIDE 85

More men running, nearing the kennel. Several squeezing in with Garry, trying to get a look.

Childs, huffing and puffing, lugs the huge torch toward the crowded kennel doorway.

CHILDS
What's happening?

MAC READY (o.s.)
Childs, you got that torch? You get you ass in here!!

86 and 87 OMITTED 86 and 87

88 INT. KENNEL 88

Childs scrunches in, disoriented by the blackness, and bumps into Garry, knocking him off balance.

CHILDS
Where are you?

MacReady signals with his flashlightand then points it toward the creature.

MACREADY
Torch it over there!

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED 88

CHILDS
(in awe)
Lord.... (X)

MAC READY
Damn it, Childs! Torch it!! (X)

Childs lets loose with a burst of blue flame. A mewing, a screeching.

Part of the kennel starts to burn.

GARRY
(panic)
We're on fire!

MAC READY
Don't let up, Childs!

GARRY
(to outside)
Extinguishers.

Childs moves closer, continuing his assault on the hissing, gurgling presence.

Men charge into the room and begin spraying dogs and burning walls. Dogs and men choke and cough amidst the smoke and CO_2.

The screeching lessens. The hissing and gurgling fade. Childs turns off his torch.

CUT TO

89 INT. REC ROOM - NEXT MORNING 89

Those of the men that have gathered exhibit a pale and quiet uneasiness.

Blair, in silent awe, stands over the badly burned corpses of two interlocking dogs, that lie before him on a table.

They are connected as if they were one animal. Though, the one wearing the remnants of Clark's bandage is much larger and appears less doglike. Its entire torso is cracked and peeled, as if its innards were trying to burst out.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED 89

Odd appendages, recoiled and withered by the flame, are wrapped grotesquely about both bodies.

Clark, his eyes set in glassy stare, sits in shock. Nauls comforts him. Childs stands nearby smoking a joint and staring at the floor.

Blair, transfixed, continues hovering over the united cadavers. Weighing. Thinking. A very worried look on his face.

The dead bodies of two other dogs from the kennel are not far off.

90 INT. INFIRMARY 90

Fuchs is attending to the shredded bodies of three other badly wounded dogs.

91 INT. REC ROOM 91

Nauls pats Clark on the shoulder and grins, trying to pick up his spirits.

NAULS
It's okay now, man. It's dead. It's over.
(to others)
Right guys? Tell my man here. (X)

Clark turns to him with a childlike smile.

CLARK
I know. Mr. Childs killed it. I saw.

NAULS
Right, man. Right.

92 INT. SMALL WORKROOM 92

Norris is going through some maps. MacReady is bent over his shoulder. Norris finds the one he's looking for.

NORRIS
Here. This is where those Norwegians were spending most of their time. (X)

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED 92

Bennings pokes his head in the room.

BENNINGS
Pretty nasty out, Mac. Thrity-five knots.

MAC READY
Screw it, I'm going up anyway.

93 INT. MAIN COMPOUND - MORNING 93

Station Manager Garry has joined Blair by the stuck-together bodies. Blair motions to the bandage.

BLAIR
Wasn't anything that got in from the outside. Was that dog. The Norwegian dog.

GARRY
I can't comprehend any of this. (X)
It was <u>just</u> a dog.

CHILDS
(evenly)
Tweren't no dog. (X)

BLAIR
That tape MacReady showed us this morning....

GARRY
Couldn't make much of it myself.

BLAIR
I've asked him to try and locate the site. Okay with you?

GARRY
Sure. You think there's a connection?

BLAIR
Maybe.

94 EXT. CHOPPER 94

high above the Antarctic expanse.

95 INT. CHOPPER 95

MacReady pilots. Palmer and Norris are with him. It is clear but the winds are troublesome. The ride is a shaky one. Norris refers to their map. He points.

NORRIS
One of their main sites would be directly over here.

They aim for a large mountainous wall. As they go up and over...they see:

96 A FLAT, GLACIAL EXPANSE 96

On the surface, an enormous blackened oval shape.

97 INT. U.S. OUTPOST #31 - LAB 97

All the bodies of the dogs have been brought in. Fuchs stands by as Blair studies through his microscope. Then Blair glances at a small TV screen.

98 INSERT - READOUT SCREEN 98

A computer diagram, a schematic of what is happening under the microscope. Two cells appear to be much different from each other. They are joined at the ends but are completing the process of breaking off from each other.

99 ON BLAIR 99

A disturbed look on his face. He checks his watch, as if timing the procedure.

100 EXT. GLACIER - TRACKING WITH MAC READY, NORRIS AND PALMER 100

as they walk along the ice. They come to a stop at the edge of a sharp drop.

Pull back to reveal -- the massive black hole about fifteen feet beneath the ice. Charred, gnarled and mangled metal are all that is left of what was once an enormous sphere.

MacReady's and Norris' eyes meet each other in silence. Palmer is in awe.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED 100

PALMER
Wow....

MacReady finds a burnt thermite canister. He and Norris climb down.

They move along amongst the wreck. Almost everything but the skeletal superstructure has disintegrated into a fine ashy powder.

Norris digs for ice samples at the perimeter of the wreckage, while MacReady browses through the center.

Palmer continues to marvel, as he walks around the oval, atop the ice.

MacReady returns and kneels down next to Norris as the latter examines a piece of metal.

NORRIS
Magnesium of some type...or some kind of strange alloy...
(looks out at debris)
The Norwegians must have stumbled across it...tried to melt it out...
(disgust)
...And the poor dumb bastards ended up blowing it to hell and gone.

MAC READY
So what do you make of it?

NORRIS
You know damn well what we both make of it.

MAC READY
No chance it could have been some new kind of test craft?

Norris shakes his head no.

NORRIS
The backscatter effect has been pushing this area up from way down for a long time...
(holds up ice sample)
...This ice it was buried in...It's over a hundred thousand years old.

Palmer calls out, waving them over.

101 *EXT. GLACIER* 101

The two men join Palmer about fifty yards from the oval. A large rectangular chunk has been cut out of the ice. It is fifteen feet long, six feet wide and eight feet deep.

MacReady kneels down to observe. A beat.

A gust of wind picks up the snow at their feet.

CUT TO

102 INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT 102

Fascinated, a few of the men are reviewing the Norwegian video tapes of the findings of the mysterious craft. MacReady sits quietly by his chess set contemplating a large glass of Scotch. Clark, less interested than the others, is flipping through the Norwegian nudie magazine.

Blair, looking worried, sits off in a corner, pondering the photo of the block of ice and fingering a piece of crumbled up metal brought back from the site.

Childs, viewing the tapes, can't quite believe it all.

CHILDS
Okay, now, Mac, run this by me again. Thousands of years ago this rocket ship crashes, right?..And the....

MacReady is not listening.

CHILDS
(continuing)
MacReady!

MAC READY
Look, I'm just guessing....

CHILDS
Well, go on.

102-A *INT. KITCHEN* 102-A

Nauls, about to prepare dinner, scowls as he rummages through his many cabinets.

NAULS
Wher's that big ol' steel pot of mine?! Damn!

He turns to examine the cabinets above the large stove. He spots something in the nearby kitchen trash can. Disgusted, he pulls out a torn and shredded pairof long johns.

102-B INT. REC ROOM 102-B

MacReady theorizes.

MAC READY
...So it crashes, and this guy, whoever he is, gets thrown out, or walks out, and ends up freezing.

CHILDS
I just can't believe this voodoo bullshit. You believe this voodoo bullshit, Blair?

Blair says nothing, lost in thought.

Palmer, stoned, a joint dangling from his mouth, is *searching for information through stacks of old issues* of The National Enquirer and The Star.

PALMER
(rambling)
Happens all the time, man. They're falling out of the skies like flies. Government knows all about it...Chariots of the Gods, man... They practically own South America. I mean they taught the Incas everything they knew....

CHILDS
Shut-up, Palmer. (X)

Palmer shakes a magazine at him adamantly.

PALMER
Read von Daniken! Have you read von Daniken? Get your facts straight!

Clark marvels at a particular photo.

CLARK
Jesus, why would those guys ever want to leave Norway...?

Nauls skates into the room. He shakes the crumpled-up pair of long johns in his fist.

CONTINUED

102-B CONTINUED 102-H

NAULS
Which one you muthers been tossing his dirty underwear in the kitchen trash?!

He flings it across the room. It lands on MacReady's chess set.

NAULS
(continuing)
I want my kitchen clean. Germ free!

Nauls spins on his skates and storms off. MacReady fetches the strangely shredded underwear and rolls it up, while Childs paces.

CHILDS
So, MacReady, come on now. These Norwegian dudes come by...find him and dig him up....

MacReady tosses the ball of cloth across the room into a trash bin.

MAC READY (X)
Yeah, they dig him up and cart him back. He gets thawed out and wakes up -- probably not in the best of moods, then proceeds to scare the shit out of them and kick some ass.

CHILDS
Now how's this motherfucker wake up after thousands of years in the ice, huh?

MAC READY
(annoyed)
I don't know how. Because he's different than we are. Because he's a space guy. What do you want from me, anyway. Go ask Blair.

CHILDS
You buy any of this, Blair?

A beat as Blair stares straight ahead, transfixed. He speaks softly, to no one in particular.

BLAIR
It was here...got to that dog...It was here in this camp....

CONTINUED

102-B CONTINUED - 2 102-B

The men take in his grave countenance.

GARRY
So?..So what? It's over with.

Blair turns to them. A pause. The men search his face.

BENNINGS
Well, isn't it? (X)

103 INT. LAB - CLOSE ON A SHEET 103

as Blair rips it off exposing the tangled mess of interlocking dogs.

Pull back. All the men have gathered. Some of the men settle into chairs, others stand.

BLAIR
Whatever that Norwegian dog was...It was capable of changing its form...
(indicates their dog)
...when it attacked our dog...it somehow was able to digest...or... or absorb it...and in the process shaped its own cells to imitate our dog's cells exactly...
(holds up gooey dog leg)
...This for instance isn't dog at all -- it's imitation...We got to it before it had time to finish or....

NAULS
Finish what?

BLAIR
...I think the whole process would have taken an hour...maybe more. And then I suppose both would have changed back to dog form.

PALMER
Well, that Thing in the ice sure weren't no dog.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED 103

BLAIR
(impatient)
Of course not...But whenever it was revived, it...Well, The Thing was probably disoriented...and realized it couldn't survive for long in our atmosphere...But being the incredibly adaptable creature it was...it tried to become something that could...Before the Norwegians killed it...it somehow got to one of their dogs.

Silence.

CHILDS
(skeptically, points)
You're saying...that big muther in the ice, became that dog.

BLAIR
(nodding)
I think we're talking about an organism...that would imitate other life forms...perfectly...It could have gone on and on...It could have become one dog...It could have become as many dogs as it wanted to -- and without losing any of its original mass....

NORRIS
You been into Childs' weed, Blair?

Blair slams his fist on the slab.

BLAIR
The concept is staggering, I know... I ...I don't fully understand it myself....

GARRY
(breaking in)
So what's our problem?

BLAIR
Well...there's still some cell activity...it's not entirely dead yet.

Several of the men nearest the carcasses jump back knocking over a chair. A beat.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED - 2 103

NAULS
Well, what's it going to do? Put itself back together? Come chasing after us?!

BLAIR
I don't know what it's capable of.

CUT TO

104 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT - CLOSE ON THE DOG CARCASSES - SPLASH 104

lying on the snow. They are being soaked with gasoline.

FUCHS (o.s.)
(in violent protestation)
You can't do this! You can't burn these remains....

Pull back. Fuchs is beside himself. Childs has the large torch. MacReady empties another can on the bodies. Dr. Copper stands nearby.

MAC READY
And your horse, Fuchs.
(to Childs)
Light it.

Childs lights the tip. Fuchs makes a determined move for the torch.

FUCHS
Well, I'm not going to let this happen....

Childs struggles with him for a beat and then flings him to the ground. Dr. Copper grabs him preventing him from getting back up.

Childs splays the remains with a jet of flame. Fuchs shakes his head in frustration and disgust.

FUCHS
I just can't believe it...We're going to go down as the biggest bunch of assholes in history....

MAC READY
Fuck history. At least we're going to live to be an old bunch of ass-holes.

CUT TO

105 INT. KENNEL - NIGHT 105

The night feeding. Clark dishes out the food. Blair is taking blood samples from the remaining three dogs.

BLAIR
(perplexed bothered)
Clark, did you notice anything strange about that dog? Just anything at all? Any little thing?

CLARK
No. Just that he recovered real quick...That night when I found him in the rec room, he had already scraped off his bandage. Before I put him with the others, I redressed his wound and noticed it had healed up real good....

A beat as Blair stares at Clark.

BLAIR
That night?

CLARK
(pets dog vigorously)
Yeah.

BLAIR
What was he doing in the rec room?

CLARK
Well, after I worked on him -- thought I'd let him rest. Left the room for a bit. When I came back, he was gone.

BLAIR
Well, where was he? Where did he go?

CLARK
Don't know. Looked for him for a bit...couldn't find him.

BLAIR
(a long beat)
You're saying he wasn't put into the kennel until the night?

Clark seems uneasy under Blair's intense gaze.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED 105

CLARK
Well...yeah.

Blair stands, his eyes still glued to Clark.

BLAIR
How long were you with the dog? Alone, I mean?

CLARK
Ah...He was hurt bad. Bullet nicked an artery...I don't know...An hour...hour and a half....

Blair's eyes glaze as if in revelation.

CLARK
(continuing)
What the hell you looking at me like that for?

BLAIR
Nothing. Nothing at all.

He backs out of the kennel.

106 INT. HALLWAY - COMPOUND 106

Irritated, harrassed, station manager Garry moves briskly down the hall. Blair, worried and pale, tries to keep up with him.

BLAIR
...It could have gotten to somebody....

GARRY
Anybody sick?

BLAIR
No, I...I don't mean infection...or disease....

Garry stops at the entrance to the communications room.

GARRY
Any luck yet?

Simmons shrugs.

SIMMONS
Couple seconds of an Argentine disco station.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED 106

GARRY
Well, stick with it. I want you at it round the clock. We got to get help in here....

BLAIR
(alarm)
No...No, you can't let anyone in here...That dog was all over this camp....

Bennings interrupts, entering the hallway, referring to his meteorlogical chart.

BENNINGS
(to Garry)
Travel-wise, tomorrow may be okay. But after that some pretty nasty northesterly shit's coming in.

FUCHS (o.s.) (X)
...Goddamn fools....

The men from outside come stomping through the hallway.

BLAIR
(pleading)
Listen to me, Garry. Please....

GARRY
(to MacReady)
If the weather clears enough before we reach anybody -- I'm sending you and the Doc up to MacMurdo....

BLAIR
No! You can't let people leave....

MAC READY
I ain't going anywhere in anything over forty knots, Garry....

GARRY
(snapping)
The hell you won't, MacReady!

BLAIR
Don't you understand?! That Thing didn't want to become a dog....

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED - 2 106

GARRY
(fed up)
Damn you, Blair! You've already got everybody half-hysterical around here.

BLAIR
You can't let anybody leave!

GARRY
I've got six dead Norwegians on my hands, a burned up flying saucer, and we've just destroyed the scientific find of the century. Now fuck off!

Close on Blair, ashen-faced, falling silent. As if in a daze, he watches the men as they continue to converse. Suspicious, frightened.

CUT TO

107 and 108 OMITTED 107 and 108

109 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 109

Pitch black except for the barest of lighting which outlines the building. Wind. The swirl of ice.

110 INT. MAC READY'S CABIN - NIGHT 110

Far away from the others, MacReady sits in his little hovel putting the final screw into his mended chess set. On the other side of the set, his busty, inflatable companion has been propped up in a chair. His sombrero hangs down her back, keeping her in place. Hawaiian music plays from his tape deck.

MAC READY
All set.

He puts down his screwdriver, holds up his glass and offers a toast with a big grin.

MAC READY
(continuing)
To us.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED 110

He clinks the drink he has made for her that rests on her side of the board. He sips. He turns on the machine and makes his first move.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Now go easy on me, I'm just a beginner. (X)

The set answers. (X)

CHESS VOICE
Rook takes bishop at queen four -- rook takes pawn at queen two -- rook takes queen at queen one -- checkmate.

MAC READY
Aw shit.

He flips open the circuitry panel in disgust. He tosses his screwdriver on the board and grabs his drink, downing it.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Sorry, hon.

He reaches inside his ice bucket. Empty.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Never any damn ice around here....

111 EXT. MAC READY'S CABIN - NIGHT 111

MacReady exits. He swacks at a nearby bank of ice with a small ice pick.

MAC READY
Now in Mexico...Tahiti...They got ice...They got ice coming out of their ears.

The sound of a clanking. He turns his attention. Metal against metal. Strange. MacReady listens. It appears to be coming from far off below, near the camp.

117 RADIO ROOM 117

Simmons lies on the floor, groaning. Blair holds the gun on the door. He wields a fire ax with the other hand and smashes down on the radio.

BLAIR
Anybody interferes, I'll kill! Nobody's getting in or out of this camp....

118 HALLWAY 118

MacReady has joined the others.

MAC READY
He smashed one of the choppers up good. Childs, go check the other one and the tractor.

Childs is off.

119 RADIO ROOM 119

Blair crunches the ax down once again, while keeping an eye on the door.

BLAIR
...You think I'm crazy? Fine! Most of you don't know what's going on -- but I'm damn well sure some of you do!
(crunch)

120 BACK TO HALLWAY 120

NORRIS
The back window. A couple of us could maybe surprise him.

MAC READY
Too damn dangerous.

121 *BACK TO RADIO ROOM* 121

BLAIR
...You think this Thing wants to become an animal? Dogs can't make it 1000 miles to the sea. No skua gulls to imitate this time of year...No penguins this far inland...Don't you understand?! It wanted to become us!

He brings the ax down hard on the radio.

112 MAC READY 112

as he makes his way down with the aid of the steadying ropes. The clanking louder now. He senses the direction.

112-A MAC READY 112-A

at the bottom near the main compound. The sound has stopped. He looks around in the near blackness. A beat.

113 THE CHOPPERS 113

sitting idle in the dark. MacReady approaches. The door to one of the cockpits is slightly ajar. He opens it cautiously.

114 INT. CHOPPER 114

MacReady slips in. He turns on a flashlight. The controls have been mangled. Beaten with something heavy. Bang!! MacReady, startled, turns. Like the sound of a gun. Coming from the main compound.

115 INT. COMPOUND - MAIN ENTRANCE 115

Confusion. Shouts. MacReady enters. He grabs Palmer as he and Bennings rush by.

MAC READY
What's....

PALMER
Blair. He's gone berserk.

BENNINGS
He's in the radio room. Got a gun. Beat on Simmons something fierce.

116 HALLWAY - RADIO ROOM ENTRANCE 116

The men are on either side of the open radio room doorway. Garry peeks his head in. A gunshot blast forces him back.

122 BACK TO HALLWAY 122

Childs runs up, out of breath.

CHILDS
He got both choppers and the tractor. And he killed the rest of the dogs!

CLARK
What?

CHILDS
He chopped them all over the kennel....

Clark dashes away down the hall. Garry readies his large .357 magnum.

MAC READY
No, wait a minute.
(to Norris)
The fuse box.

Norris double-times down the hall.

MacReady turns the corner and into the rec room. He grabs one of the thick card tables.

MacReady returns with the table to the hallway.

BLAIR
...Can't you see?..If one cell of this Thing got out it could imitate every living thing on Earth. Nothing could stop it! Nothing!

MAC READY
(humoring)
Look, Blair, maybe you're right about this. But we've got to be rational. We've got to talk this over. I'm unarmed and I'm coming in.

BLAIR
No, you're not! I don't trust any of you!

123 NORRIS 123

reaches the fuse box. He opens it.

124 HALLWAY 124

MacReady readies the table like a shield.

MAC READY
If you're right we've all got to stick together.

The lights go. MacReady charges into the black room. *Blair fires. MacReady barrels into him, knocking him to* the ground. He pummels him with a right hand and manages to control the gun.

The others dive in and pile on.

CUT TO

125 *INT. KENNEL* 125

Clark stands motionless at the door of the kennel. The bodies of the dogs lie in f.g., out of focus.

2 DOGS

CUT TO

126 OMITTED 126

127 EXT. COMPOUND 127

Heavily clothed, MacReady, Fuchs and Dr. Copper help a dazed Blair to a toolshed some seventy-five yards from the main compound.

128 INT. TOOLSHED 128

More spacious than MacReady's. Very liveable. Two windows. Blair has been placed on the cot. Dr. Copper injects him with a sedative.

BLAIR
Why am I here?

DR. COPPER
It's for your own protection, Blair.

MAC READY
And ours.

129 EXT. SHACK 129

Fuchs and MacReady nail boards over the windows.

MAC READY
Leave a bit of an opening so he can see out.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED 129

Blair's droopy-eyed, heavily drugged features loom up at MacReady through the window.

MAC READY
How you doin', old boy?

BLAIR
(softly)
I don't know who to trust.

MAC READY
Know what you mean, Blair. Trust is a tough thing to come by these days. Just trust in the Lord.

BLAIR
(beat)
Watch Clark.

MAC READY
What?

BLAIR
Watch him close.

Blair's face disappears from the window.

CUT TO

130 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 130

Harsh and grey. Getting very dark as winter takes a stronger hold. Bennings is dumping the trash in a large hole in the snow which acts as the trash dump.

Bennings finishes and drags the empty bins past Clark, who is burying the last of the dogs, and then past Palmer and Childs, who are fixing the wounded choppers.

131 INT. RADIO ROOM 131

The radio looks a mess. Norris and Simmons, a bandage wrapped around his head, examine the damage. He is in pain and still looks a little groggy.

SIMMONS
I'll see what I can do. But they didn't teach me much about fixing these things.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED 131

Norris smiles and pats him comfortingly.

NORRIS
They didn't teach you much about working them either.

CUT TO

131-A INT. HALLWAY 131-A

MacReady is walking along. Slipping into his coat. Childs steps up behind him, still dressed in his parka.

CHILDS
Mac....

MAC READY
How do they look?

CHILDS
They're beat pretty good. But we'll get them flying in a couple of days.
(glances up and down the hallway)
What was Blair saying?

MAC READY
The same.

CHILDS
He said that Thing could imitate.

MAC READY
You saw him -- he's nuts.

CHILDS
First it eats one dog. Becomes that dog, imitates it. Then separates from it. Then there're two dogs. Both of them this Thing.

MAC READY
So you're saying they could have kept going, multiplying, imitating all the dogs....

CHILDS
Hell with the dogs. He wasn't talking about dogs.

CONTINUED

131-A CONTINUED 131-A

MAC READY
Yeah, well he went over the edge.

CHILDS
So did those Norwegians.

MacReady just looks at him.

CHILDS
How would you know, MacReady? If I was an imitation, a perfect imitation, how would you know if it was really me?

CUT TO

132 INT. MESS HALL 132

It is a cramped, elongated room. Dr. Copper approaches Nauls and hands him a capsule.

DR. COPPER
Put this in Blair's juice before you take him his tray.

Norris stands at a window looking out.

NORRIS
There it goes.

133 POINT OF VIEW THRU WINDOW - THE SUN 133

Its slim, orange arc sets, signaling the start of the Vernal Equinox. And the beginning of six months of darkness.

CUT TO

134 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY 134

Bennings trudges through the hallway carrying the empty trash bins. He suddenly stops and looks up.

135 BENNINGS' POINT OF VIEW - HALLWAY AND KENNEL DOOR 135

A figure darts into the kennel. The door slams shut behind him.

136 ON BENNINGS 136

BENNINGS
Clark?

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED 136

No reply. He puts down the trash bins and walks down the hallway to the kennel door. Pauses for a beat. Listening. Then opens the door.

137 INT. KENNEL 137

Bennings steps inside. Closes the door behind him. Looks around.

138 POINT OF VIEW ON KENNEL - WIDE SHOT - PANNING 138

Empty.

139 BENNINGS 139

looks. Then his eyes return to:

140 POINT OF VIEW - CORNER OF KENNEL - CLOSER ANGLE 140

The corner is in darkness. But there is a long, sluglike shape lying on the floor, hidden in the shadows. It undulates slowly, growing, breathing.

141 ON BENNINGS 141

He stares. Moves slightly closer.

142 POINT OF VIEW - SLUGLIKE SHAPE 142

A moving, liquid surface. Forming. And then an appendage moves out of the shape. Into the light. Covered with glistening ooze. It is an arm. A hand opens up, the fingers stretching.

143 ON BENNINGS 143

He quickly moves to the intercom. Clicks it on.

BENNINGS
Doc, are you up there?

144 INT. REC ROOM 144

Empty except for MacReady playing a game of pinball. He turns to the sound of Bennings' voice over the intercom.

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED 144

BENNINGS
(over intercom)
Doc? Garry? This is Bennings, in the kennel.

Mac saunters to the intercom.

BENNINGS
(over intercom)
Anybody there?

MAC READY
(into intercom)
It's MacReady. What you doing down there?

BENNINGS
(over intercom)
Thought I saw Clark come in...but no one's here except...some kind of...shape...It's forming or something....

MacReady reacts.

145 INT. KENNEL 145

BENNINGS
Changing and growing....

146 POINT OF VIEW - SLUGLIKE SHAPE 146

The shape has changed, taking on the shadowy but unmistakable form of a man. Its two arms weave and twist eerily.

BENNINGS
Two arms...Its growing two human arms....

146-A INT. REC ROOM 146-A

MAC READY
Are you anywhere near it?

BENNINGS
(over intercom)
No, I'm way across the room from it....

CONTINUED

146-A CONTINUED 146-A

MAC READY
Stay away. I'm coming down.

BENNINGS
(over intercom)
Mac, I can almost see its head!

146-B INT. KENNEL - CLOSE ON BENNINGS 146-B

staring into the kennel.

BENNINGS
The features are starting to form....

Behind Bennings, at the other end of the kennel, a figure steps out of the shadows under a low-hanging lamp. The figure wears a large parka. We can't see his face, only a dark socket in the parka hood. Bennings' back is turned, he doesn't see the figure start to walk toward him!

MAC READY
(over intercom)
Who does it look like?

BENNINGS
What do you mean 'who does it look like?'

Slowly, absolutely without sound, the figure walks toward Bennings.

MAC READY
(over intercom)
Can you see the face?

Bennings stares into the kennel. The figure moves closer and closer.

MAC READY
(over intercom)
Bennings, who is it?

The figure moves right up behind Bennings.

BENNINGS
Jesus, Mac....

Suddenly the figure lifts its gloved hands revealing an ax! The ax swings all the way back, and then snaps forward toward the back of Bennings' head.

146-C INT. REC ROOM 146-C

MAC READY
(into intercom)
Bennings...Bennings....

CUT TO

146-D INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY 146-D

MacReady, Childs, Garry and the others race down the hallway to the kennel.

146-E INT. KENNEL 146-E

They dash inside. The wire mesh of the cage in front of them is dripping with blood. They look up. Camera moves up to reveal Bennings slung over the top of the wire mesh cage, the ax protruding from the back of his head.

146-F ON MAC READY 146-F

He steps inside the kennel. Looks around.

146-G POINT OF VIEW - CORNER OF KENNEL 146-G

The shape is gone. The kennel is empty. Mac turns to the others.

MAC READY
Where the hell is Clark?

CUT TO

147 INT. REC ROOM 147

The men are interrogating Clark. He is frazzled and defensive.

CLARK
...I'm telling you I wasn't near the kennel then....

Childs is holding an industrial torch directly in his face.

CHILDS
Bullshit!

148 EXT. TRASH DUMP 148

MacReady, waist-deep in trash and snow, searches for something.

149 INT. REC ROOM 149

The interrogation continues.

GARRY
Okay, but why didn't you kennel that wounded dog right away?

CLARK
I told you I couldn't find...
(pushes torch away)
...get that out of my face.

Childs grabs him by the collar and rips him off his chair.

CHILDS
Don't you be telling me....

Nauls steps between them, grabbing Childs by the shirt.

NAULS
Lighten it, sucker.

CHILDS
Who you trying to protect?

NAULS
It's just you ain't been appointed no judge, jury and executioner just yet.

CHILDS
Bennings said he followed this son-of-a-bitch into the kennel....

NAULS
MacReady said Bennings 'thought' he saw Clark....

Garry breaks it up, pulling them apart. MacReady enters from the outside. A bundle is tucked under his arm.

GARRY
Hold on. We're getting nowhere. If this bit of Blair's about absorbing and imitating is true...then that dog could have gotten to anybody.

149 CONTINUED 149

DR. COPPER
And if it got to Clark...Clark could have gotten to anybody.

MacReady moves over to the table.

DR. COPPER
Theoretically any of us could be whatever the hell this thing is.

Norris shakes his head, rubbing his chest in slight discomfort.

NORRIS
It's just too damn wild...I can't believe it.

MacReady pushes his sombrero back over his head.

MAC READY
Well, you can believe it now.

He drops the bundle he had been holding on the table between the men. It is the shredded pair of long johns.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Nauls found this yesterday. It's ripped just like the clothing on the Norwegian we brought back. Seems these Things don't imitate clothes. Just flesh and bone.

The men look from one another. Silence. MacReady picks it up and examines the label.

MAC READY
Size large.
(grins)
What do you wear, Clark?

Clark stews.

CLARK
So what?

NORRIS
I wear a size large too.

MAC READY
So do I. So do most of us.

The uneasiness in the room grows.

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 2 149

MAC READY
Bennings saw something in the kennel. Changing. Becoming one of us. Doubt if it got to more than two. But it got to someone. (X)
(beat)
Some of the folks in this room ain't what they appear to be.

A pause as all eyes travel from man to man.

SIMMONS
(scared)
Well, what we going to do?

Norris turns to Dr. Copper and Fuchs.

NORRIS
Can there be...some kind of test? To find out who's what?

DR. COPPER
A blood serum test possibly. (X)

FUCHS
Right. Why not?

GARRY
What's that?

DR. COPPER
This Thing's blood chemistry has got to be different from ours. Basically, each of us mix a sample of our blood with uncontaminated human blood. If there's a reaction -- we'll know who isn't human. (X)

CHILDS
Whose uncontaminated blood we going to use?

DR. COPPER
We've got blood ~~plasma~~ in storage.

GARRY
How long will it take you to prepare this?

DR. COPPER
A couple of hours.

GARRY
Well, get to it.

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 3 149

Garry unhinges a key from his belt and hands it to Dr. Copper. Dr. Copper and Fuchs head for the infirmary.

NAULS (X)
Why hasn't this Thing just come out and jumped us?

GARRY (X)
We obviously still outnumber it.

MAC READY (X)
That may not be the reason. There's no way of telling how this Thing thinks...behaves.

DR. COPPER (o.s.)
Garry! The rest of you! Come here!

150 INT. INFIRMARY 150

The men rush in. Fuchs and Copper stand by the open ~~plasma~~ storage refrigerator. The inside is a mess of dried blood. The bladders have been ripped open. Copper is ghastly pale.

DR. COPPER
(continuing)
Somebody got to the blood.... (X)
(X)

A horrified silence.

MAC READY
Was it broken into?

FUCHS
No. Somebody opened it. Closed it. And then locked it.

Simmons twitches, terrified.

MAC READY
Well, who's got access to it?

DR. COPPER
I guess I'm the only one.

GARRY
And I've got the only key.

Several pairs of eyes turn to Garry.

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED 150

MAC READY
Would that test have worked?

DR. COPPER
I think so.

NORRIS
Somebody else sure as hell thought so.

MAC READY
Who else could have used that key?

GARRY
Ah...no one...I give it to Copper when he needs it....

MAC READY
Could anyone have gotten it from you?

DR. COPPER
I don't see how...when I'm finished I return it right away.

NORRIS
When was the last time you used it?

DR. COPPER
(uneasy)
A day or so ago...I guess.

Garry senses the nervous and inquiring eyes on him.

GARRY
I suppose...well, it's possible someone might have lifted it from me. But....

CHILDS
That key ring of your is always hooked to your belt. Now how could somebody get to it without you knowing?

GARRY
(upset; flustered)
Look, I haven't been near that...that refrigerator.

Silence as the men continue to stare. Simmons is perspiring.

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED - 2 150

GARRY
(continuing)
Copper's the only one who has any business with it.

The eyes shift from Garry to Copper.

DR. COPPER
Now...wait a second, Garry, you've been in here on several occasions....

FUCHS
And the Doc thought of the test.

CHILDS
(anger)
So what?! Is that supposed to clear him? Bullshit! (X)

Simmons bolts out the door. Stunned for a beat, the others chase after him.

GARRY
Hey, Simmons!

151 SIMMONS 151

in terror, runs at top speed through the narrow corridors. Opening and shutting doors. The others are in pursuit. They shout for him to stop.

CUT TO

152 SIMMONS 152

as he reaches a small armory. A glass case set into the wall. A half a dozen rarely used guns are inside. He tries the handle. Locked.

He hears the clamor of feet and voices as the others are nearing. He breaks the glass and grabs a shotgun. Then a box of shells. He frantically tries to load, but is too nervous.

The others arrive at the end of the hallway. Garry pulls his handgun and points.

GARRY
Put that down!

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED 152

SIMMONS
(trembling)
No.

GARRY
I'll put this right through your head.

No one doubts Garry's sincerity.

SIMMONS
You guys going to let him give orders? I mean he could be one of those Things.

The others regard Garry tensely. No one oblivious to the fact that Simmons just might be right.

MAC READY
(calm)
Put it away, Simmons. Just put it away.

Still trembling, he tosses the shells back into the broken case, leans the gun against the wall and begins to sob. Nauls skates over to comfort him.

The men watch as Garry lowers his gun. He turns to them.

GARRY
I don't know about Copper. But I didn't go near that plasma...
(beat)
But I guess you'll all rest easier if someone else is in charge.

He hands his gun to Norris.

GARRY
(continuing)
Can't see anyone objecting to you, Norris.

NORRIS
Sorry, gentlemen...
(rubs chest)
...Don't think I'd be up to it. Haven't been feeling well lately.

Childs goes for the gun.

CHILDS
I'll take it....

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED - 2 152

MacReady beats him to it.

MAC READY
Maybe it should be someone a bit more even-tempered, Childs.

Childs glares.

MAC READY
(continuing; to others)
...Any objections?

Roving eyes pass about the hallway. Nobody is sure who to trust. MacReady seems as good as any.

153 INT. REC ROOM 153

The men have gathered to discuss plans. Furtive and untrustworthy glances are passed around the room.

MAC READY
...It seems these *Things* have a better chance going one on one. So we stick together as much as possible. In twos and threes. (X)

Childs points to Garry, Dr. Copper and Clark.

CHILDS
What do we do about those three?

MAC READY
We got morphine, don't we?

Fuchs nods.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Well, we keep them loaded. Stash them here in the rec room and watch 'em twenty-four hours.

PALMER
(ears perk up)
Morphine? You know I was pretty close to that dog, too.

Palmer is ignored.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED 153

NORRIS
We should sleep in shifts.

MAC READY
Right. Half of us awake at all times. And starting right now, we dismantle the helicopters and the Thiokols. No one's leaving here.

SIMMONS
How we going to try and find out who's...you know, who's who?

MAC READY
(to Fuchs)
Can you think of anything else?

FUCHS
I'll try. I could sure use Copper's help though.

CHILDS
Well, you sure ain't gonna be getting it.

Dr. Copper eyes his accuser solemnly.

MAC READY
Also...in the kennel, that Thing turned kinda slowly at first. I think we can handle it in...that state. But if it ever got to full power...well, from what I saw of that Norwegian camp...I just don't know....

FUCHS
Blair calculated it'd take it about an hour...maybe more for that to happen.

MAC READY
Right. So no matter what anybody's doing, we all meet back in this room every thirty minutes. Anybody gone longer than that...anybody trying to leave...we kill 'em.

Beat, as the men take this in.

CONTINUED

154 EXT. COMPOUND - DARKNESS 154

It is the dead of winter. Six months of darkness ahead. Palmer fights the cold as he works dismantling the engine of the helicopter. MacReady passes by on his way to the trash dump.

MAC READY (X)
How's it going?!

PALMER (X)
Terrible! Can't find the magneto. Can't find a darn thing around here anymore.

155 INT. REC ROOM 155

Copper, Clark and Garry sit moodily together on a couch. Norris awkwardly prepares to give them their injections. He is new at this. Childs stands guard with his torch.

Dr. Copper offers to help.

DR. COPPER
I'll do it. You're going to break the needle in my arm.

CHILDS
No, Doc. He's doing a real fine job.

156 EXT. COMPOUND 156

MacReady and Simmons are foraging through the trash dump.

MAC READY
Look for shoes, too. And burned cloth.

157 INT. RADIO ROOM 157

Norris has begun dismantling the radio. He rubs at his chest as he disengages the headset.

158 INT. HALLWAY 158

Following Nauls as he skates through the labyrinth. Checking waste bins. Pausing to look behind shelves and any obscure hiding place.

MacReady passes him coming the other way.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED 158

NAULS
That Thing's too smart to be hiding anymore of its clothes, MacReady.

MAC READY
Just keep looking.

159 INT. LAB 159

Fuchs is poring over a book. Several others lie open on his desk.

MacReady pokes his head in the lab.

MAC READY
Come up with anything? (X)

FUCHS
An idea or two. But MacReady, (X)
I've been thinking, if a small partical of this Thing were enough to take over an entire organism -- then everyone should prepare their own meals. And I suggest we eat only out of cans.

MAC READY
Gotchya.

160 EXT. COMPOUND 160

A siren goes off, signaling the end of a twenty-minute (X)
period. Simmons pulls himself out of the trash dump.

Palmer carries a large part of a helicopter engine toward the compound.

161 INT. COMPOUND 161

The hallway near the supply storage cubicle. MacReady holds the door open as Palmer makes his way to him lugging the heavy helicopter part.

Childs passes by from the other direction.

PALMER
Childs, where's that magneto from Chopper One?

CHILDS
Ain't it there?

He passes by.

CONTINUED

161 CONTINUED 161

PALMER
No it ain't there. Would I be asking if it were there?

MAC READY
Move it, Palmer.

162 INT. SUPPLY AND STORAGE ROOM 162 (X) (X)

Everything from rope, gas cans, oil drums, sleds, replacement machinery and boxes upon boxes. Palmer sets down his helicopter part. Norris follows him inside with a bundle of radio gear. They move back out into the hallway. MacReady locks the door behind them.

163 HALLWAY 163

The three move down the hall toward their appointed rendezvous at the rec room.

MAC READY
(to Palmer)
Start taking apart those snowmobiles next, huh?

164 INT. KITCHEN 164

Cramped. Several of the men are preparing their foor. (X) Opening cans. Heating them in pots. Dr. Copper, apparently giddy from the morphine, giggles eerily. The men regard him uneasily but go about their business.

165 EXT. COMPOUND 165

Nauls wearily approaches Blair's tool shed with a tray of food. He hears a pounding from within.

NAULS
I got your goodies, superdude.

He peeks in through the opening in the boarded-up window. Blair is nailing himself in from the inside. He looks pretty crazed.

NAULS
(continuing)
What you doin'?

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED 165

BLAIR
Nobody's getting in here. You can tell them all that!

NAULS
Well, who the hell you think wants to get in there with you?

Nauls slides the tray in the slot. It is immediately shoved back out and topples onto the ice. Some of the food has splashed on Nauls' heavy coat.

NAULS
(continuing)
Now why'd you go and....

BLAIR
And I don't want anymore food with sedatives in it. I know what you're up to. Don't think I don't. And if anyone tries to get in here -- I've got rope. I'll hang myself before it gets to me.

NAULS
You promise?
(picks up tray, heads back, mumbling)
Crazy white scientist motherfucker....

166 OMITTED 166

167 EXT. COMPOUND 167

Palmer works on the snowmobile. Simmons resumes searching through the trash. MacReady enters the ballon tower.

168 OMITTED 168 (X)

169 INT. KITCHEN 169

Nauls does the dishes. His cassette plays in the b.g.

170 INT. REC ROOM 170

Childs continues guarding the three men.

CLARK
Gotta go to the can, Childs.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED 170

Childs follows him to the other end of the room.

CHILDS
Be quick.

Clark walks to the head. Childs moves back to the middle of the room. As the guard he is much more vulnerable in this position. Being split between his prisoners.

The lights begin to flicker. The soft purr of the generator begins to fade.

CHILDS
(continuing)
Oh, no.

The lights go out. Nauls calls from the kitchen.

NAULS (o.s.)
Childs! That a fuse?

CHILDS
No. The generator. You got the auxiliary box just off the kitchen. Get to it.
(fumbling around)
Where's the damn flashlight?
(calling out)
You fellas okay over there?

Dr. Copper giggles in the dark.

CHILDS
(continuing)
Cut that out, Copper.
(beat)
Nauls? What's taking you?!

NAULS (o.s.)
I'm working it! Nothing's happening!

CHILDS
That's impossible, man! Okay, Clark, out of the john where I can see you!

NAULS (o.s.)
It's shorted out or something?

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED - 2 170

CHILDS
(shouting)
Clark, you come on out here!!

Childs lights the tip of his torch, allowing him a strong candlelight. Garry is no longer in the room.

CHILDS
(continuing)
Where's...Where's Garry?

Dr. Copper looks numbly at the empty seat next to him. Childs finds the portable siren and blares it.

171 EXT. COMPOUND 171

MacReady, Palmer and Simmons heed the call and head for the compound.

172 INT. REC ROOM 172

Childs jerks his head around in different directions.

CHILDS
Where are you, Garry? Don't you move an inch, Copper.
(shouts)
Nauls, bring me a goddamn flashlight!

173 INT. KITCHEN 173

Pitch black.

NAULS
Somebody's taken it. I can't find it!

CHILDS (o.s.)
Clark, you want me to come in after you?!

174 INT. HALLWAY 174

MacReady, Simmons and Palmer come in from the outside. They bump into each other trying to get their bearings from the lack of light. Palmer, the only one who seems to have one, turns on his flashlight.

CONTINUED

174 CONTINUED 174

MAC READY
(shouting)
What's happened!?

NORRIS (o.s.)
MacReady, that you?

MAC READY
Yeah!

NORRIS (o.s.)
It's the generator I think! No power.

MAC READY
(to Palmer)
Well, let's get down there.

CHILDS (o.s.)
MacReady!

MAC READY
What?

CHILDS (o.s.)
Garry's missing!

MAC READY
(to self)
Oh, shit!
(shouts)
Well, hang on!

CHILDS (o.s.)
Gee, thanks!

175 INT. GENERATOR ROOM 175

Palmer and MacReady stumbling down the stairs. MacReady turns around, looks.

MAC READY
Where's Simmons?

Both look around. Simmons is gone. Palmer's light finds the motionless generator. He examines.

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED 175

PALMER
The fuel pump...it's gone...
(frantic)
You've got to get up to supply, Mac. If we don't get this thing started soon, it'll freeze on us and we'll never get it going.

MacReady dashes upstairs into the darkness.

176 INT. HALLWAY 176

The lab door is opened. Fuchs holding a small candle walks out. As he passes, the shoulder of a man springs into frame.

177 INT. GENERATOR ROOM 177

Palmer is feverishly working underneath the generator on his back.

178 INT. REC ROOM 178

The temperature continues to drop rapidly. Childs swats himself to keep warm, while still keeping an eye on Dr. Copper and the rest of the room.

179 INT. HALLWAY 179

MacReady rushes out of the supply room, with a fuel pump, bumps into somebody.

MAC READY
Who...Who is that?

The silhouette moves on down the hallway.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Simmons..? Hey, who....

PALMER (o.s.)
Mac, where the hell is that pump!!

CUT TO

180 INT. GENERATOR ROOM 180

MacReady holds the flashlight for Palmer. Their breath, puffs of white smoke.

PALMER
Somebody definitely messed with it.

MAC READY
We going to make it?

PALMER
Hope so. Another ten, fifteen minutes. What I don't get is....

The sound of a screeching. From somewhere in the compound. The two men's faces, locked in fear.

CUT TO

181 INT. REC ROOM 181

The generator has been repaired; the lights within the compound are back on.

Grim and tense. Everyone is present but Fuchs. Eyes flit from man to man. Palmer, Nauls and Simmons are spread out about the room, keeping as much distance as possible from each other. (X)

Norris and Childs are tying the Doctor, Clark and Garry to the couch. MacReady prepares several makeshift blowtorches as he kneels on the ground.

SIMMONS
Where were the flashlights?

MAC READY
Screw the flashlights. Where the hell were you?

PALMER
Tons of stuff's been missing around here. Magnetos, cables, wire....

NAUL
Kitchen things, too....

MAC READY
Anybody see Fuchs...or hear him? ..Huh?

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED 181

No answer as the men's faces roam the room. Childs glares at Garry as he begins to tie him in.

CHILDS
Where'd you go?

Garry's groggy features stare blankly.

CHILDS
(continuing)
I said where? Where'd you go?!

GARRY
Was dark...find a light....

CHILDS
You lying bastard....

Garry struggles to his feet, affronted.

GARRY
(slurring)
I rather don't like your tone....

He grabs Childs by the collar.

CHILDS
You sit back down....

Childs whales on him with a right hand. Both go tumbling over the couch. MacReady and Norris dive in breaking it up.

NORRIS
Enough....

MacReady, furious, pulls Childs away.

Norris breathing heavily from the activity, massages his chest. The strong, stormy winds overhead batter the roofing. MacReady glances up. He and Childs release each other.

MAC READY
That storm's going to start ripping any minute -- so we don't have much time.

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED - 2 181

He thrusts one of the blowtorches hard into Childs' stomach.

MAC READY
(continuing)
We've got to find Fuchs. When we find him -- we kill him.

SIMMONS
Why?

MAC READY
If he's one of those Things, we've got to get to him before he changes...Nauls, you and Childs and I'll check the outside shacks....

He tosses torches to Simmons and Palmer.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Simmons, you and Palmer search the inside....

PALMER
I ain't going with Simmons.

Simmons snaps his head toward Palmer. Palmer looks at the others.

PALMER
(continuing)
I ain't going with him. I'll go with Childs....

SIMMONS
Well, screw you, man!

PALMER
I ain't going with you!

CHILDS
Well, who says I want you going with me?!

MAC READY
Cut the bullshit...Okay, Simmons you come with us. Norris...you stay here....

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED - 3 181

MAC READY (Cont'd)
(refers to tied-up men)
Any of them move -- you fry 'em. And if you hear anything, anything at all you let loose the siren. We all meet back here in twenty minutes regardless.
(a beat)
And everybody watch whoever you're with. Real close.

The men survey each other.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Let's move.

CUT TO

182 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 182

MacReady and Nauls, wearing their snowshoes and using flares for light, pull themselves along the steadying rope that leads to Blair's shed. They are careful to keep an eye on each other as they move along.

Simmons heads off in the direction of another shack.

CUT TO

183 INT. COMPOUND - HALLWAY 183

One of the many doors creak open. Childs and Palmer stealthily move into the next corridor. Palmer falls a few steps behind, mumbling to himself.

PALMER
What'd we ever do to these Things anyway....

Childs freezes and snaps his head around facing Palmer. A beat.

PALMER
(continuing)
What?

CHILDS
Don't walk behind me.

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED 183

Another beat.

PALMER
Right.

He moves to the other side of the wall, parallel with Childs. They continue on, skimming along the sides of the corridor in plain view of one another.

CUT TO

184 EXT. COMPOUND 184

Nauls and MacReady arrive at Blair's shack. They peer in through the spaces between the boards.

A weak light burns as Blair is seated eating out of a can. A hangman's noose dangles from the ceiling nearby.

MAC READY
Hey, Blair!!

Blair jumps in fear, spilling his can.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Has Fuchs been out here?

Blair approaches the boarded-up window. He looks haggard and afraid.

BLAIR
I've changed my mind...I'd...I'd like to come back inside...I don't want to stay out here anymore ...Funny things...I hear funny things out here.

MAC READY
Have you come across Fuchs?

BLAIR
Fuchs?..No, it's not Fuchs...You must let me back in...I won't harm anyone...I promise....

MAC READY
We'll see....

He and Nauls trudge off. Blair shouts after them.

CONTINUED

184 CONTINUED 184

BLAIR
I promise! I'm much better now! I'll be good!! I'm all better!! Don't leave me here!!

185 INT. REC ROOM 185

Norris continues his watch on the sedated trio. He anxiously tries to keep an eye on the various entrances behind and in front of him. He rubs his chest in pain.

DR. COPPER
I'm getting worried about you. You ought to have a checkup.

NORRIS
Let's just not get worried about anything just now.

DR. COPPER
(yawning)
After all this mess then.

NORRIS
(nodding)
After all this mess.

186 OMITTED 186

187 *EXT. COMPOUND - THE SLOPE TO MAC READY'S SHACK* 187

The winds are thick and vicious now. MacReady and Nauls pull themselves along the rope fighting their way up the slope. A violent gust sends MacReady's body horizontal, but still hanging onto the rope. The wind slaps him back down. His flare and torch tumble back toward Nauls. Nauls saves the torch from rolling down the hill.

MacReady, lying vulnerable, watches Nauls pull his way toward him. He tenses. Nauls reaches him. A beat. He hands him back his torch. Relieved, MacReady pulls himself upright.

188 INT. COMPOUND - KITCHEN - CLOSE ON THICK POWER CABLES 188

that line the wall. They have been torn apart. Childs and Palmer examine.

PALMER
Auxiliary light cables..? Been cut.

CHILDS
Cut, bullshit. Been pulled apart.

189 EXT. MAC READY'S SHACK 189

as they reach the top. The remaining flare their only light. Very dark. They stand on either side of the door. MacReady shoves it open. Pitch black inside. MacReady flips the light switch. Doesn't work.

190 INT. SHACK 190

They enter. Haunched. Torches ready. The place a mess. The winds as strong as on the outside.

The single flare illuminating the ceiling. Almost all of the corrugated, steel roofing is gone. As if ripped off.

NAULS
(shouting to be heard)
Where's the roof?!

MacReady stares up incredulous, as they advance through the room.

NAULS
(continuing)
This storm do that?

MAC READY
(shouting)
Impossible. Must have weighed a ton and a half.... (X)

Nauls kicks over a chair. A naked, fleshy object bounds high into the air. Nauls thrusts out his torch, catching the breasts of the inflatable woman. She pops and is sucked through the hole in the roof.

Nauls tries to catch his breath.

NAULS
Goddamn white women.

191 INT. COMPOUND 191

Underground, rickety corridor. Palmer stands by as Childs undoes the many locks to the room that houses his plants. One by one. Palmer twists his head in every which direction. Nervous.

Childs pulls open the heavy door. A flush of snow and wind push them back. They wedge their bodies at the entrance to the lightless room.

CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED 191

CHILDS
My babies.

They enter. The light from the hall exposes the completely smashed-in window high above the plants. The plants look frozen.

PALMER
Somebody broke in.

CHILDS
Now who'd go and do....

Saddened, angry, Childs goes to check the damage to his plants. Palmer, his face set in horror, yanks him back.

PALMER
Childs!!

CHILDS
Let go me....

PALMER
Don't get near 'em. The plants! They're alive. Those things can imitate anything....

CHILDS
What's it going to do, being a plant?

Palmer readies his small torch.

PALMER
We got to burn 'em.

CHILDS
Now hold on, you dumb....

Palmer sprays them with flame. Childs pushes him to the ground, and tries to swat out the fire.

CHILDS
(continuing)
You stupid, sonofa....

Palmer, his mouth agape with terror, screams and points to the closing door to their rear. Childs whirls.

192 *FUCHS* 192

One arm outstretched, swings into view. A shovel, embedded deep into his chest, pins his frozen body to the inside of the door. Childs blasts away in fright. (X)

193 INT. REC ROOM 193

Norris startled by the scream, turns on the siren.

CUT TO

194 INT. PLANT ROOM 194

Simmons has joined Childs and Palmer. The charred body of Fuchs is still pinned to the door. Simmons tries to wrench the ~~ax~~ loose. It is too deeply embedded and won't budge. (X)

SIMMONS
Whoever put this through him....

Simmons observes Childs' hulking frame and adds pointedly:

SIMMONS
(continuing)
...is one bad-ass and strong muther.

CHILDS
No one's that strong, boy!

195 INT. PASSAGEWAY 195

tracking with the three men. Opening and closing doors, as they make their way back to the rec room. They keep their distance from each other, watching each other while they walk.

PALMER
Why didn't it imitate Fuchs? Isn't that its number -- to get more recruits.

CHILDS
Wasn't enough time. Generator was out, what?..Thirty minutes. Takes the bastards an hour, maybe two to absorb somebody.

SIMMONS
Why Fuchs?

CHILDS
He was working on a test. Fuchs must have been onto something. These bastards got scared and got rid of him.
(suddenly realizing)
...Hey...Where's....

CUT TO

196 INT. COMPOUND - CLOSE ON PALMER'S FACE 196

shouting down a passageway.

PALMER
MacReady!!

196-A CLOSE ON CHILDS 196-A

bellowing.

CHILDS
Nauls!! MacReady!!

197 EXT. COMPOUND 197

A strong driftwind streams snow across the ground obscuring everything but the very top of the buildings. The siren screams.

198 INT. REC ROOM 198

Rigid, immobile faces. Listening to the storm overhead.

CHILDS
How long they been out now?

NORRIS
Forty...Forty-five minutes.

Silence, as the uneasy eyes measure one another.

CHILDS
We better start closing off the outside hatchways.

199 VARIOUS ANGLES OF THE COMPOUND 199

Childs, Simmons and Palmer -- closing off and bolting the entrances to the camp.

NORRIS (o.s.)
All of you! Come here!

200 INT. COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY - POINT OF VIEW - THE MEN 200

Through the fogged-up windows, a figure can be seen approaching the main compound. It pulls and drags its way along the guide rope, fighting the gale force winds.

CUT TO

201 THE MEN 201

weapons in hand, huddle at the main doorway. They unbolt it. Sleet and hail send Nauls rolling in from the outside. The men force the door back and lock it.

The weary Nauls kneels on the floor and gasps for air. The others surround him.

PALMER
Where's MacReady?

Nauls weighs each of them ominously, while digging down underneath his heavy jacket.

NAULS
Cut him loose of the line up by his shack.

CHILDS
Cut him loose?

NAULS
When we were up poking around his place...I found this....

He pulls out a thick bundle of heavy clothing. It is mutilated and partially burned. He holds out the jacket to show the inside collar.

Close on name tag -- It reads: R.J. MAC READY

The men, as they examine in a hush.

NAULS
...It was stashed in his old ~~coal~~ furnace...wind must have dislodged it...I don't think he saw me find it.

The men continue to examine in various states of disbelief.

NAULS
...Made sure I got ahead of him on the towline on the way back...cut him loose.

SIMMONS
(incredulous)
MacReady...?

NAULS
He's one of them.

CONTINUED

201 CONTINUED 201

SIMMONS
(scared)
When do you think it got to him?

PALMER
Could have been anytime. Anywhere.

CHILDS
(to Nauls, suspicious)
If it did get to him.

NAULS
Look, man....

PALMER
When the lights went out....

NORRIS
Would have been a perfect time....

PALMER
Right. Garry was missing...
(pointedly)
...And Simmons....

SIMMONS
(goes for him)
Fuck you, Palmer.

Childs and Norris separate them.

NORRIS
This is just what it wants...to pit us against each other.

A pounding at the door sends the men jerking backward. Nauls scampers to his feet. They tense.

MAC READY (o.s.)
Open up!

No answer as the men surround the door, their weapons ready. Fear.

MAC READY (o.s.)
...Hey, somebody! Open up, it's me, MacReady...

Still nothing.

MAC READY (o.s.)
...Come on, damn it...The towline snapped. Been crawling around like a seal out here....

CONTINUED

201 CONTINUED - 2 201

NAULS
(harsh whisper)
Bullshit! He's got to know damn well I cut it!

The men keep their voices low.

PALMER
Let's open.

CHILDS
Hell no.

More pounding.

SIMMONS
(shaking)
You think he's changed into one of those Things?

NORRIS
He hasn't had enough time.

CHILDS
...Nothing human could have made it back here in this weather without a guideline....

MAC READY (o.s.)
...Where is everybody!? I'm half frostbit!

PALMER
Let's open it. Now....

CHILDS
(edgy; venom)
Why you so damn anxious to let him in here....

PALMER
(slight trembling)
He's so close. Maybe our best chance to blow him away.

CHILDS
No. Just let him freeze out there.

SIMMONS
(voice cracking)
What if we're wrong about him?

CONTINUED

201 CONTINUED - 3 201

CHILDS
Then we're wrong.

The muffled breaking of a window down the hall. The men turn.

PALMER
The supply window!

SIMMONS
(terror)
What we going to....

NORRIS
All right...all right...we've got no choice now....

202 INT. SUPPLY ROOM 202

Pitch black. MacReady's voice is heard cursing as he appears to be stumbling around, looking for a light switch. He responds to the muffled voices at the door.

MAC READY
What's going on out there?

203 HALLWAY 203

Palmer stands as Childs tries the knob. Locked.

CHILDS
Damnit, he's got the keys.

Childs rips a nearby fire ax off the wall and begins hacking away at the door.

204 INT. SUPPLY ROOM 204

MAC READY'S VOICE
What are you doing?

CHILDS (o.s.)
You're a dead man, MacReady -- or a dead whatever the hell you are!

MacReady begins to rummage through the supplies in the darkness.

CONTINUED

204 CONTINUED 204

CHILDS (o.s.)
We found your clothes -- the ones you tried to burn.

MAC READY'S VOICE
What clothes?

CHILDS (o.s.)
You been made, MacReady.

Childs chops away. MacReady desperately continues rummaging through the supplies.

MAC READY'S VOICE
Someone's trying to mark me, you bastard...trying to frame me.

205 HALLWAY 205

Childs cautions to Palmer as he prepares for one last blow.

CHILDS
Move in slow now.

Crunch. The door gives. The men move in. Their blow-torches ready. They freeze.

MacReady stands before them holding a lighted flare. His hair and clothing are covered with snow; his cheeks and nose blackened by frostbite. Tucked under his arm is an entire box of dynamite. He holds the flare dangerously close to the open box.

MAC READY
Anyone messes with me -- the whole camp goes.

He appears to mean it. They don't seem anxious to test him.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Put those torches on the floor and back off.

They do. He follows them out into the hall.

206 HALLWAY 206

The men step backwards carefully.

CONTINUED

206 CONTINUED 206

MAC READY
...back way off.

They heed, retreating further down the hall. MacReady glances behind him.

MAC READY
(continuing)
...Where's the rest....

Nauls and Norris, who have silently crept in through the supply window, come flying through the hacked-up door and barrel into MacReady. Both going straight for the flare.

MacReady spins Nauls off and rips into Norris, sending him crashing violently into the wall. Nauls tackles MacReady's legs, pulling him to the floor.

The others rush him. MacReady, still in control of the dynamite and flare, bellows:

MAC READY
(continuing)
So help me I mean it!!

They skid to a halt. Nauls crawls away, quickly.

NAULS
It's cool, man. We ain't near you, man...Stay cool....

PALMER
Yeah, man, really. Just relax.

MAC READY
Anybody touches me...we go.

Norris, lying on the floor, coughs as if gasping for breath. He quivers for a moment then is still. Nauls crawls over to him and shakes him. A beat.

NAULS
I don't think he's breathing.

Nauls listens to Norris' chest. MacReady stands.

MAC READY
Go untie the Doc. Get him in here. Bring the others, too...
(grins menacingly)
From now on no one gets out of my sight.

CUT TO

207 thru 209 OMITTED 207 thru 209

210 INT. INFIRMARY 210

Norris' body is plopped on the examination table. Copper stumbles and is steadied by some of the men. MacReady continues to keep his distance, holding the men at bay with a flame thrower. (X)

Copper places an oxygen mask over Norris' face. He then rips open his shirt.

MAC READY
So you sweethearts were about to have yourselves a little lynching party. I just may have to put an end to you on general principals, Nauls.

Copper begins swathing Norris' chest with a gelatin substance.

MAC READY
(continuing)
...Ever occur to the jury that anybody could have gotten to some of my clothes and stuck them up....

CHILDS
We ain't buying that.

DR. COPPER
Dammit, quit the bickering and give me a hand. Wheel that defibrillator over here.

Simmons pushes over the portable defibrillator. Copper climbs up on the table and straddles Norris' chest. *Unnoticed, Clark paws the contents of the instrument* tray behind his back.

DR. COPPER
Palmer, turn on that oxygen and hold the mask over his face ...Childs, grab his shoulders.

They do so. Cooper holds electrical prongs over Norris' chest.

CHILDS
(to MacReady, threatening)
You're going to have to sleep sometime.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED 210

DR. COPPER
Quiet down...
(to Simmons)
...turn that thing on.

Simmons depresses the "on" button.

DR. COPPER
(continuing)
Now hold him.

MAC READY
I'm a real light sleeper, Childs....

DR. COPPER
Enough, MacReady!

Dr. Copper presses the prongs onto Norris' chest and shoots a bolt of current. Norris' body heaves upward. A slight crackling sound and a chirp through the oxygen mask.

DR. COPPER
(continuing)
Again...More current this time, Simmons....

Buzzzz. Several more jolts from the prongs. Clark's hand has found a scalpel. He gently lifts it out, bringing it to his side.

MAC READY
And if anyone tries to wake me....

DR. COPPER
Damn you, MacReady!

Buzzzz. Norris' body bounds upward. Crackling. Popping. His shirt tears. His chest rips open. The Doctor's arms fall in. The chest slams shut. Copper leans back in shock. His arms severed at the elbows.

Norris' oxygen mask pops off; a hideous mewing escaping from his distorted mouth.

The men jump back, incredulous. The Doctor falls to the floor his elbows gushing.

SIMMONS
God...What..?!

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED - 2 210

The men watch on in immobile horror, as the Thing that *was Norris contorts on the slab.* It's clothes tear. A shoe splits, the beginings of a talon poke through the tip. "Something" rips upward and out of his chest, shreiking. MacReady charges.

MAC READY
Get out of the way!!

He unloads a burst of flame. The "Something" collapses. The slab catches fire. The body writhes in pain, belching and hissing. MacReady fires off another stream. Other parts of the infirmary have caught a flame. Childs has reached the wall extinquishers.

CHILDS
Garry!

He tosses one to Garry and grabs the other. Nauls and Clark try and aide the Doctor, while the others smother the flames.

In the confusion Norris' head twists at the neck and drips off the slab, dropping to the floor. It's tongue loops out some three feet and wraps around the leg of a table; then pulls it's self over. It sprouts spider legs through it's nose, ears and mouth. Eyes on stalks spring from the scalp.

MacReady, ever watchful over the burning corpse. Behind him, out of view, the head crawls, making for the door.

Palmer and Simmons smother a burning chair with a sheet. Simmons spots the head and gags, covering his mouth, causing Palmer to look up; his mouth open in disbelief.

PALMER
You got to be fucking kidding.

MacReady whirls to what they are reacting. In awe for a beat, he recovers, and blasts the head just as it scrambles into the hall.

211 INT. REC ROOM 211

The lurid corpse of Doctor Copper has been dragged in. *MacReady, still carrying the industrial torch,* has maneuvered all the men into the room. He holds Garry's

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED 211

.44. He has untaped the explosives from his chest and laid them on the nearby table next to two more boxes of dynamite.

CLARK
What you got in mind, MacReady?

MAC READY
A little test.

PALMER
What kind of test?

MAC READY
I'm sure some of you already know.

He tosses a ream of steel cable and some rope to Palmer and Simmons.

MAC READY
Palmer, you and Simmons tie everyone down. Real tight.

CHILDS
What for?

MAC READY
For your health.

GARRY
(to others)
Let's rush him. He's not going to blow us all up.

MAC READY
Damn if I won't.

Clark backs up placing his body between MacReady and the others.

CLARK
Let's do what Mac says. He wasted Norris pretty quick, didn't he?

GARRY
So the hell what? What else could he do without giving himself away?!

CHILDS
(a beat)
He ain't tying me up.

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED - 2 211

MAC READY
Then I'll have to kill you.

CHILDS
Then kill me.

MacReady points the .44 at Childs' head.

MAC READY
I mean it.

MacReady cocks his gun. Childs holds his ground.

CHILDS
I guess you do.

A beat. Clark springs for MacReady. Scalpel raised.

MacReady spins and fires three shots, point-blank, the force of the charges sending Clark flying backwards. The others, themselves about to pounce, stop -- as MacReady whirls the torch and gun back toward them.

CUT TO

212 THE MEN 212

being tied securely to couches and chairs.

MAC READY
Tie up Clark and the Doc, too.

PALMER
(bemused)
They're dead.

MAC READY
Norris looked pretty dead, himself. Bullets don't kill these Things.

MacReady turns on a Bunsen burner while he cuts the rubber covering off an electrical cord, exposing the copper wire. All the while, he keeps his eye on the men.

CHILDS
(muttering)
We should have jumped his ass.

MAC READY
Now Simmons, you tie Palmer up.

CONTINUED

212 CONTINUED 212

Simmons starts to tie Palmer to the small couch next to Childs, Garry and Nauls. (X)

MAC READY
We're going to draw a little bit of everybody's blood.

NAULS
What are you going to do? Drink it?

MAC READY
Watching Norris in there...gave me the idea that maybe every part of you bastards is a whole. Every piece of you is self-sufficient, an animal unto itself. When a man bleeds it's just tissue. But blood from one of you Things won't obey. It's a newly formed individual with a built-in desire to protect it's own life. When attacked your blood will try and survive -- and crawl away from a hot needle say.

CUT TO

213 NAULS 213

grimaces as Simmons, also grimacing, pinches a scalpel to his thumb and collects a small portion of his blood in a dish.

All the men have been tied up. Palmer, Childs, Garry and Nauls on the small couch. The corpses of Dr. Copper and Clark in chairs. (X)

Simmons returns the plate to the table and sets it down in line with the other plates of blood that he has collected. The names of each man have been scribbled onto the plates. MacReady slides Simmons a fresh plate.

MAC READY
Now you.

Simmons winces as he cuts his thumb, his blood dribbles into the plate. He stands nervously for a beat. (X)

MAC READY
(continuing)
Slide it back here.

Simmons pushes it toward MacReady.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Now step way back.

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED 213

Simmons steps backward, moisture beginning to collect on his brow. MacReady begins to heat the copper wire over the Bunsen burner.

The men watch intently. The wire begins to glow. MacReady points the torch directly at Simmons. Both of them perspiring. MacReady lifts the glowing wire from the flame. Simmons is dead still. MacReady slowly touches the wire to the young man's plate. A soft hiss.

MacReady heats it again and tries once more. The same soft hiss. MacReady and Simmons both let out a sigh.

MAC READY
(continuing)
I guess you're okay.

SIMMONS
(shaken;
facetious)
Thank you.

He hands Simmons the torch.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Watch them.

He cuts himself with the scalpel and begins collecting his own blood.

MAC READY
(continuing)
Now I'll show you what I already know.

He heats the wire and puts it to his plate. The same harmless hissing. All eyes continue to watch as he tries again. The same result. Childs mumbles.

CHILDS
Load of bullshit.

MAC READY
We'll see. Let's try the Doc and Clark.

He heats the wire and lays it in the Doc's dish. The hissing.

MAC READY
Now Clark.

The heated wire hisses benignly into Clarks dish. Tries again. The same.

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED - 2 213

CHILDS
Clark was human, huh?

MacReady nods.

CHILDS
Makes you a murderer then, don't it?

MacReady glances over the group.

MAC READY
Palmer now.

He sets Palmer's plate in front of him and heats the wire.

GARRY
Pure nonsense. This won't prove a damn thing.

MAC READY
Thought you'd feel that way, Garry. You were the only one who could have gotten to that blood plasma...
(placing the wire in Palmer's dish)
...we'll do you last....

Screech!!! The blood howls, crawling off the dish and hitting the floor.

Palmer begins to quake, violently; face changing; mouth contorting. He stands up, lifting the entire couch and the three other men with him. He breaks his bonds, inadvertantly freeing Nauls, who rolls away.

Palmer leaps and flies backwards, tipping over the couch; his body flaming back first into the rear wall. His mouth roaring, his clothing busting apart.

MAC READY
Simmons!!

Simmons, holding the big torch, is catatonic.

Palmer's elbows begin jamming into the wall like two out of control pistons. Impossibly, he begins scaling the wall backwards. Mayhem. Shouts. The room shakes and thunders. MacReady is guarding the dynamite.

MAC READY
Blast him, Simmons!!

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED - 3 213

Simmons is frozen in fear. Nauls, free of the couch but still bound, struggles to his feet. Palmer reaches the ceiling and begins sliding along the top, his elbows and legs pounding.

Childs and Garry, upside down, still tied to the tipped over couch, squirm to get free, as they watch Palmer eerily transversing above.

CHILDS
Damnit, Simmons!! Somebody blow shit out of that mutherfucker!!

Simmons drops the torch with a hard clank to the floor. MacReady dives for it and rolls away. He aims up at Palmer. *Nothing.* *Tries again.* *Jammed.*

Palmer scoots along, stops and drops down directly in front of the paralyzed Simmons. Palmer's mouth splits from his chin to his forehead. A tongue lurches out and coils around Simmons' neck and jerks him head first into his jowls up to his shoulders.

Simmons' body struggles. A hissing steam rises as Palmer continues to engulf and absorb. He picks up Simmons and begins whirling him around and around. MacReady fights to unjam the torch.

Screams. Panic. The whirling, ever changing, Palmer. Steam rises from the bottom half of Simmons' propellered body. Parts of his clothing now begin to rip. Simmons himself is starting to change.

Palmer flings Simmons into a corner. The torch unstuck, MacReady unloads a burst on Simmons; then spins toward the approaching Palmer, engulfing him with a stream of fire.

Palmer *screeches*, *lurching about in pain*. He stumbles over the body of Clark, gets up, lunges forward. Nauls is in his way. He backhands him a vicious blow, hurling him a dozen feet and crashing into a bookcase.

Completely ablaze now, Palmer sprints and breaks through the prefab and wooden wall and out into the storm.

MacReady grabs a thick roll of dynamite and flings it after him.

213-A EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 213-A

Palmer streaks along in the blackness; a fireball in retreat. Kabalm!

CUT TO

214 MAC READY 214

Prespiring profusely, his hand trembling slightly, prepares to continue the test. He heats the wire.

The men, pouring sweat, white-knuckled.

Nauls, still bound, leans standing up against the wall; his eyes shut as if in prayer. MacReady has the flame thrower leveled at his face. He places the heated wire into Nauls' plate. Hiss. MacReady exhales. Nauls opens his eyes.

215 MAC READY 215

cuts Nauls' bindings, while the torch stays glued to the others. Sleet and howling winds are fanned into the room through the gaping hole left by the departing Palmer.

216 CHILDS 216

sits stoicly, while he watches the preparations for his turn.

CHILDS
Let's do it.

Nauls, having retrieved one of the smaller torches, takes aim some three yards away. Tense, determined.

MacReady pulls the wire off the flame and into the plate...the harmless hisssing. The muscles in Childs' face melt into a sigh.

CHILDS
Muthafu....

217 OMITTED 217

218 ALL EYES 218

snap towards station manager Garry. Childs, suddenly realizing who he is sitting next to, squirms.

CHILDS
Get me...get me the hell away from...cut me loose, damn it!

Nauls rips away his bindings. MacReady stands guard. Childs scrambles off the couch and onto the floor.

219 GARRY 219

stares grimly ahead. Childs soaks his clothing with a can of gasoline. He is then surrounded. The room tenses, adrenalin pumps, breathing halts.

The burner. The torches. The wire. The plate. Garry's face.

Hisssss.

MacReady tries it again. Hiss. The men breathe. Their torches are lowered. Nauls throws his on the floor. Childs flops down in a chair. MacReady wipes his face.

A long silence.

GARRY
I know you gentlemen have been through a lot. But when you find the time...I'd rather not spend the rest of the winter tied to this couch.

A beat. Childs starts to giggle. The strain on MacReady's jaw begins to lessen. Garry sits impassive. Nauls scowls at Childs' uncontrollable laughter.

The infectious rasping causes MacReady a slight smile as he looks up, taking comfort in the sound of the raging Antarctic wind vibrating the roof. Nauls, untying Garry, grumbles at Childs.

NAULS
Shut the damn hell up.

Childs wipes his eyes and grins over toward MacReady. His smile faded, MacReady is now stone-face. Childs' grin goes stale, in sudden realization.

MAC READY
(almost a whisper)
Blair....

220 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 220

The storm is at its peak. MacReady, Garry and Nauls, guided by their flares, pull themselves along the steadying rope, headed for Blair's shack. They are armed. Guns and a flame thrower. Movement is near impossible. Their progress only a few inches at a time.

221 INT. COMPOUND - MAIN ENTRANCE 221

Childs, holding the big torch, stands guard. The compound cracks and yawns as the storm treats it like an old clipper ship in a hurricane. An odd scattering sound turns his attention down the long corridor.

222 EXT. BLAIR'S SHACK 222

The door is wide open. The lights on. Trying to balance against the wind, they enter tumbling in a heap.

223 INT. BLAIR'S SHACK 223

Exhausted but eagle-eyed, they scan the room. Empty. Further into the shack they spot a few loosened floor boards. Nauls guards the door, while Garry and MacReady move toward the boards. They pull one up and stare down beneath the planking. Something is there. They dislodge more boards revealing a large pit.

The pit is some fifteen feet deep. Its dimensions are the same as the shack. Its space is almost completely taken up by some strange metallic object.

Crudely fashioned, a patchwork job, but streamline. Sheets of corrugated steel are visible; but cut apart and welded into the desired shapes. The object appears to be unfinished.

NAULS
What is it?

MAC READY
Everything that's been missing.

GARRY
Spaceship of some kind.

MAC READY
Smart s.o.b. He put it together piece by piece.

NAULS
Where was he trying to go?

MAC READY
Any place but here.

224 INT. COMPOUND - VARIOUS ANGLES 224

The rec room. The kitchen. A long hallway. All silent. All empty.

The main entrance. Also silent. Empty. Childs is nowhere to be seen.

225 *INT. BLAIR'S SHACK* 225

Nauls, his eyes trained on the compound, spots something. He squints.

NAULS
Hey...Hey you guys, come here.

226 EXT. COMPOUND - NAULS' POINT OF VIEW 226

Through the storm, the lights within the compound expose an odd shape moving down the hallway. It disappears from view.

MacReady and Garry have joined Nauls at the door.

MAC READY
What?

NAULS
Something. I don't know...moving around in the main camp.

GARRY
Probably Childs.

NAULS
Wasn't Childs.

A muffled explosion from the main compound. The lights within the shack flicker once and then go out. The far-off lights in the compound have also vanished.

MacReady quickly lights a flare.

MAC READY
It got to Childs and blew the generator.

GARRY
(incredulous)
But that's suicide. Everybody'll be dead inside twelve hours!

MAC READY
Not everybody. It already thawed out once, didn't it?
(beat; disgusted)
That Thing'll probably change itself back into Blair before it freezes. And when the first rescue *teams reach us...and cart our bodies* back...Blair'll thaw out in the hull of a cargo plane somewhere over New Zealand.

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED 226

Their eyes narrow coldly on the compound.

GARRY
Goddamn bastard.

MacReady stares down at the roll of dynamite in his hand, fiddling with the wick absently.

MAC READY
Maybe we should try and make it over to the auxillary supplies in the ballon tower.

NAULS
What the hell for? We're a bunch of dead men.

MacReady lights the wick and watches it fizzle.

MAC READY
Yeah. But we're a pretty pissed-off bunch of dead men, don't you think?

The men turn to MacReady in grim concurrence. MacReady tosses the lighted roll. It bounces into the large pit, landing on the small space craft. Its wick fizzles and fizzles until...blam!

HARD CUT TO

227 OMITTED 227

228 INT. REC ROOM 228

exploding through a wall, the tractor rumbles into the rec room from outside.

MacReady sits behind the wheel between Nauls and Garry. Heavily armed, crazed, determined, fearless.

MacReady's frostbite, now in an advanced stage, resembles black war paint. A stick of dynamite is clenched between his teeth, like a buccaneer's cutlass. Reams of dynamite and a makeshift plunger are draped around his neck.

The motor cut, the tractor halts.

They jump down. Garry has tied a flashlight to his hat. Like a miner. A tank of butane, hooked to a spiggot, is strapped to his back.

CONTINUED

228 CONTINUED 228

In addition to his torch, Nauls wears a vest of strung-together Molotov cocktails, criss-crossing from his shoulder to his waist, in the image of bandillaros. A long ax dangles like a sword from his belt.

MacReady punctures the tractor's fuel tank; gas gushes onto the floor.

Nauls and Garry gaze down the long lightless corridors of the camp. MacReady begins dousing what is left of the plowed-through wall with one of their many two gallon cans.

GARRY
What if it tries to make it outside?

MAC READY
Not in this storm. It knows it's body might never be found. No, it'll stay inside and fight.

MacReady moves between them setting down several gas cans.

MAC READY
And if we come across Childs....

NAULS
We burn the shit out of him.

MacReady unholsters his flair gun and fires toward the soaked area behind them, setting it alight.

Their eyes center on the darkened hallways and rooms that lie ahead.

MAC READY
Let's do it.

They spread out.

229 NAULS 229

moving stealthily down a hall. Ears and eyes alert. Like the rest, he must advance through an area and then destroy the space he has just passed, leaving nothing alive in his wake.

He leans against the entrance to his kitchen. Lights a cocktail. Tosses it. Whoosh! Whips his torch around, and while on the run, sprays its flame in every which direction.

CONTINUED

229 CONTINUED 229

He reaches the other side, giving a blind last burst in front of him. Satisfied that he is safe to his immediate front, he finishes off the kitchen with two more cocktails.

230 MAC READY 230

empties gasoline on the floor, while cautiously moving from the mess hall through the pub. He grabs a bottle of whiskey from a table, pulls off its cap with his teeth and takes a belt. He calls out.

MAC READY
You like whiskey? Come on, join me for a drink! Be good for you. Grow fangs on your chest.

231 GARRY 231

The door to a bedroom lies open just ahead of him. He inches closer, eyes gliding all around, then shoots a stream of flame into the room. Takes two steps back and leaps past the burning cubicle, rolling up on his feet. He spins around, catching his bearings.

232 MAC READY 232

coming to the end of a perpendicular causeway. He can go right or left. Smoke and fire from his rear are not far off.

MAC READY
Sweetheart! It's going to get mighty hot in here pretty soon. You better make your move...
(lights two rolls)
...We know you've got to be a bit sore...Us postponing your travel plans and all. But it's considered very rude...on this planet, when guests leave without saying good-bye.

He flings each roll down a different hall. Turns his back to shield himself and takes another swig. Boom! Boom! He tosses the bottle away.

MAC READY
Sorry about that, Bumbkins. Didn't mean a thing by it. Just got carried away. You okay?

233 GARRY 233

edgy, sweat flowing, trying to concentrate in front and behind.

GARRY
Damn you, MacReady!! Shut the hell up!!

234 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 234

Most of the building is in flames. Small explosions errupt intermittently. Foundations crumble. Sparks.

CUT TO

235 INT. COMPOUND 235

The three stand in a smoking hallway. Embers breach the paneling just to their rear.

NAULS
What's left up ahead?

MAC READY
(beat)
Last room.

236 THE THREE MEN 236

stand atop the steps which lead down to the last room. A decrepit storage facility. Nauls turns back to view the remains of the camp.

NAULS
There'll be nothing coming from behind.

MacReady fires off a flair into the pitch black cavern. It illuminates very little. A clutter of boxes, barrels, forgotten equipment. They make their way down the dank wooden steps. They pause at the bottom. Lids blink. Perspiration. Faces frozen. The fire crackles behind them.

MacReady sets his plunger down at the foot of the steps. He and Nauls begin laying out the dynamite. The rolls have been wired together and in turn attached to the plunger.

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED 236

Garry moves off toward a smaller lightless room. His head lamp shines in. More boxes, tires, discarded machinery. A beat. He enters. Slowly making his way through the rubble. He lays down a thick roll of dynamite.

Blair steps out from the shadows, just behind him. Garry stands and turns; his face meeting Blair's outstretched palm. Hisssss. The hand melts into and underneath Garry's face. He struggles, tries to shout, but is muzzled.

Nauls has left MacReady and enter the small dark room, finding his way with a flare. The ax slung over his shoulder, his only weapon. He carries another roll of dynamite.

NAULS
Garry? Where should I place this?

Garry's body, being pulled back between two columns of boxes.

As Nauls makes his way through the debris, he spots something and bends down for a better look. It is Garry's feet wedged between two boxes. Startled, Nauls raises up and finds himself staring into the grotesquely distorted face of Blair. Crunch. His head is engulfed before he can utter a sound; his feet lifted off the floor.

Oblivious to the others fate, MacReady works busily with the explosives.

MAC READY
How's it coming in there?

Inside the other room, Garry's body, still stuck to Blair's hand, is dragged along the floor. Nauls' legs dangle.

MacReady starts to ask again.

MAC READY
I said....

He stops. Panic fills his face. Beat. He slowly makes his way to the small room. Flare lit.

Inside the room a shadow moves against a wall and stops suddenly.

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED - 2 236

MacReady at the entrance stares into the darkness.

A loud crash at the far end of the room, as the wooden flooring tears apart. Boxes, barrels go flying. The thing burrows forward from underneath the planking, ripping up the boards. MacReady spins and heads back for the plunger. Like a mole, the Thing too, streaks for the plunger. But much faster. MacReady, in it's way, is sent flying along with the splintering planks.

It bursts up from the boards and begins destroying the plunger.

MacReady grabs a roll of dynamite, runs and dives over the Thing, somersaults up onto his feet and crawls, scampers, desperately up the stairs.

The Thing fights it's way up through the flooring as MacReady lights the roll at the top of the stairs.

Pulling itself free, the Thing screeches.

MAC READY
Yeah, and fuck you too.

He flings the dynamite and slams shut the door. Kablam!

237 INT. CAMP 237

a ruin. One half of it burnt almost to the ground. MacReady wears a thick blanket which covers him like a shroud, from his shoulders to the floor.

He walks bent over and in much pain, trying to blunt patches of fire with an extinguisher. It is futile. He gives up.

CUT TO

238 INT. PUB AREA 238

Mostly untouched by the fire, but like most of the rest of the camp, exposed to the outside. The storm has settled considerably.

239 CLOSE ON MAC READY 239

lighting a cigar. His hands are heavily wrapped. He pours himself a drink.

CONTINUED

239 CONTINUED 239

A puffy white hand, missing two fingers, enters the frame and whirls a startled MacReady around. It is Childs.

White and black blotches cover his frostbitten face.

CHILDS
Did you kill it?

He looks as weak as MacReady. A beat.

MAC READY
I think so.

CHILDS
What do you mean 'you think so?'

Both men speak guardedly and stare at each other suspiciously.

MAC READY
Yeah. I got it.
(refers to Childs' condition)
Pretty mean frostbite.

Childs steps back, keeping his distance. He indicates his puffy white hand.

CHILDS
It'll turn black again soon enough. Then I guess I'll be losing the whole thing...
(refers to feet)
...Think my toes are already gone.

MacReady, carrying the bottle and glass, limps over and sits down behind a gaming table. There is a chess set and several decks of cards. The two men continue to eye each other.

CHILDS
(continuing)
So you're the only one who made it.

MacReady begins setting up a nonelectronic chessboard.

MAC READY
Not the only one.

CONTINUED

239 CONTINUED - 2 239

CHILDS
The fire's got the temperature way up all over the camp...won't last long though.

MAC READY
Neither will we.

CHILDS
Maybe we should try and fix the radio...try and get some help.

MAC READY
Maybe we shouldn't.

CHILDS
Then we'll never make it.

MacReady puffs on his cigar. He relieves a small blow-torch from under the table and places it beside him on top.

MAC READY
Maybe we shouldn't make it.

CHILDS
(beat)
If you're worried about anything, let's take that blood test of yours.

MAC READY
If we've got any surprises for each other -- we shouldn't be in much condition to do anything about it.
(beat)
You play chess?

They regard each other for a moment. Childs painfully sits down across from MacReady.

CHILDS
I guess I'll be learning.

MacReady grins and hands the bottle to Childs. Childs smiles back and takes a healthy swig.

240 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 240

The fires smolder on. Bright ember dance in the blackness -- pushed by the soughing wind.

FADE OUT

THE END